

# The Sketch.

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# The Sketch

No. 1076.—Vol. LXXXIII.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1913.

SIXPENCE.



THE PEER WHO IS TO PLAY IN A SKETCH AT THE COLISEUM, AND HIS WIFE : (1) THE COUNTESS OF CARRICK.  
(2) THE EARL OF CARRICK.

The Earl of Carrick, who is Comptroller of the Household to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, is to appear at the Coliseum on October 20 in a dramatic sketch called, "A Point of Honour," in which he will take the leading part, that of Colonel Cleveland, V.C., an officer in financial difficulties. The whole of Lord Carrick's salary, it must be understood, will be devoted to charity, and he has refused several other offers of music-hall engagements. The leading lady in "A Point of Honour" will be Miss Mary Forbes. Both Lord and Lady

Carrick are well known in amateur theatricals, and on one occasion at least the Earl has utilised his histrionic powers in real life. As an Inspector of Dairy Produce under the Irish Board of Agriculture, when he was Viscount Ikerrin, he once bought some Irish butter in Wigan disguised as a labourer. Lord Carrick sits in the House of Lords as Baron Butler of Mount Juliet—a title he received last year. Lady Carrick, formerly Miss Ellen Lindsay, is a daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Gore-Lindsay, of Dublin.—[Photographs by Thomson.]





# MOTIEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTIEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND ·"



## On Buying a Car.

A month or six weeks ago, in a moment of optimism, I suddenly thought that I ought to have a motor-car. Not a large, and imposing, and magnificent car, drawn by fifty horses, but a nice little two-seater that I could handle myself. You see, friend the reader, I live in the country, and it is impossible to exist in the country in these days without the help of a car. Why this should be so, I cannot tell. For hundreds and hundreds of years, people have managed to live in the country without the aid of any vehicle more ambitious than a wheelbarrow. The country must have altered. Distances have probably become greater. One's friends are, perhaps, further afield. At any rate, it is commonly agreed that everybody who lives in the country must have a motor-car of some sort or another. Men whose fathers and grandfathers and great-grandfathers never dreamt of setting up even a pony-and-trap build garages for themselves and are drawn hither and thither at lightning speed by vast numbers of horses. It takes fifteen horses, at least, to climb a hill in these days with a load of four people; twenty years ago, one broken-down old mare would have lugged those four people up the same hill with no other encouragement than a kind word and a flick of the whip.

It is not for us to dive too deeply into the why and wherefore of these matters. We swim with the tide. If we must have a car, we must, and there is—no, not the end of the matter, but the beginning of it.

## Advice.

I have discovered that it is a tremendously difficult thing to buy a small car. Setting aside the money question, it would be much easier to buy a big one. Anybody can order the largest and most expensive car on the market. We all know the name of it, and we all know what it costs. There is no shadow of dispute about the matter. It is when you come to the small car that the trouble begins.

I decided on a very nice little car. When I said that I decided, I mean, of course, that I had heard a great deal about a certain small car, and was quite prepared to buy it. But one is always advised to consult somebody who really *knows*. It is so easy, I am told, to be deceived when buying a car. I therefore consulted somebody who knew all that there was to be known about cars.

"I think," I said casually, "of buying an A—. What do you think of them?"

The man of knowledge shrugged his shoulders. "You must please yourself," he said darkly.

"Yes; but I know nothing about cars. I should very much like to have your advice."

"Well, I don't like advising people about motor-cars"—this was a deliberate untruth—"but, personally, I wouldn't touch an A— car."

## The "Very Thing."

"You don't think them good?"  
"My dear fellow, if you don't mind spending fifty pounds or so every three months in repairs, you go in for an A—. It's just a matter of taste."

"Oh, well, in that case— Could you recommend me a good small car—one that I could handle myself?" (I've already learnt to talk about "handling" a car, you see. Terms of that sort are most important.)

"I take it that you want a thoroughly reliable little car, fairly fast, economical to run, smart in appearance, take two comfortably and three at a pinch, and fetch a good price when you want to change it for something bigger?"

"That's exactly what I want. You've hit it off in a miraculous manner."

"Good. Then I should recommend you to go in for a B—. In my opinion, for what it's worth, there's no better car on the market for the money. It so happens that I know a man who has one to sell second-hand. Very little used. Only been out of the works twelve months. Would you like me to speak to him and see what he'll take?"

"I'd be most awfully obliged if you would."

"Right."

I looked on the matter as settled, and even went so far as to tell another friend that I was getting a B— car. The poor fellow turned ashen-white.

## Help!

"Brandy!" I called, at the same time fanning him with my handkerchief.

When he recovered, I asked him about the nature of his complaint. Was it the heart? Because, if so, he ought to—

"No, no!" he replied feebly. "Nothing of that sort! But when you said that you were going to buy a B— car—" And he paled again.

"I'm not!" I assured him, chafing his hands. "I won't! I promise you I won't! There! Let me open the window!"

By-and-by, he was able to talk about the B— car. It seemed that an uncle of his had had one. It was a good car on paper, and a good car in the garage, but a very bad car on the road. It would not go uphill, it would not go fast on the level, it consumed an enormous amount of petrol, it was shaky, it was noisy, it was unsafe, it had to be renewed in all sorts of places before it had been in use six months, and, when his uncle tried to sell it, the Trade laughed in the poor man's face.

"What you really want," continued the invalid, "if I may venture to offer my humble advice, is a 12-16 C—. They may cost a little more than the B—, but they're the best value for money in the Trade. Get a C—, run it twenty thousand miles, and then sell it for practically what you gave for it."

## Left Wondering.

This sounded to me the very car that I was after. I went up to town the next day to get myself a C—. I met a friend in the train, and told him what I was about. He looked at a third man in the carriage, and then they both laughed. It was not a nice, friendly, cheerful laugh; it was the sort of laugh a man gives when you tell him you expect to make a fortune out of a gold-mine in South Africa. It made me rather angry.

"What are you sniggering at?" I demanded.

"Nothing, my dear old chap! You get a C— and be happy!" And they both laughed again.

Before we reached town, of course, they had utterly demolished the C— cars. It seemed that they were not only the worst cars on the market, but that it was scarcely possible for anybody to bring out a worse car in the next hundred years. When the damning was all done, I said to my friend—

"I don't want to have my journey for nothing. Can you tell me of a good car?"

"Yes," he said promptly. "The D—. You can't improve on that."

"Did you say the D—?" inquired the third man, with a start.

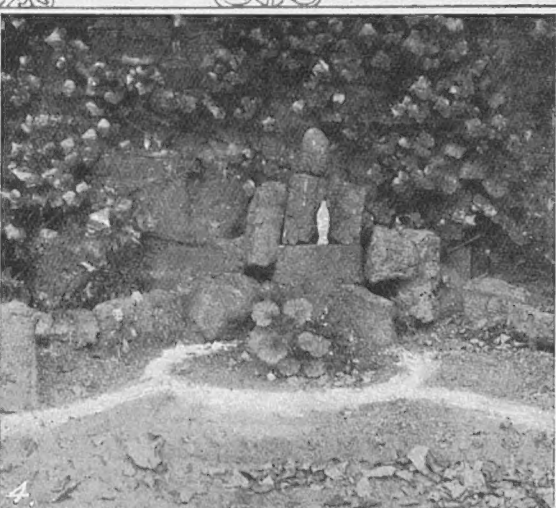
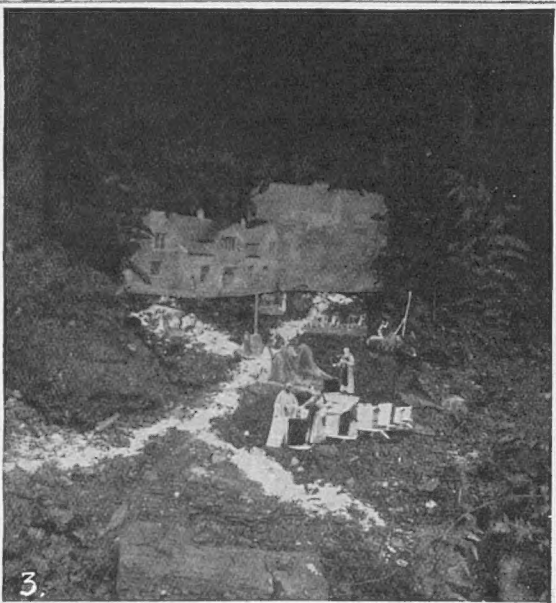
"I did. Why? You know them, don't you?"

"Know them? I should say so! I've had one, and of all the rotten, beastly, gimcrack, humbugging cars on the market—"

When I left them at Charing Cross, they were still at it. They had forgotten my very existence.



## A CORONETED FILMER: A MARCHIONESS PICTURE-PLAYWRIGHT.



1. MADE BY THE MARCHIONESS TOWNSHEND TO ASSIST HER IN WRITING HER CINEMATOGRAPH PLAY DEALING WITH MONASTIC LIFE: A MODEL SCENE SET IN HER LADYSHIP'S GARDEN.

2. MADE BY THE MARCHIONESS TOWNSHEND TO ASSIST HER IN THE WRITING OF A CINEMATOGRAPH PLAY: A MINIATURE STAGE SETTING OF AN OLD GARDEN, WITH A STATUE AND HIGH YEW HEDGES.

3. WITH FIGURES CUT FROM ILLUSTRATED PAPERS AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND BUILDINGS OF CARDBOARD: A MINIATURE SCENE ARRANGED BY LADY TOWNSHEND IN HER GARDEN.

4. "THE LADY OF LOURDES": A SCENE SET BY LADY TOWNSHEND IN HER GARDEN.

5. A WRITER OF CINEMATOGRAPH PLAYS AND MAKER OF MODEL SCENES TO ASSIST HER IN THIS: MARCHIONESS TOWNSHEND.

The Marchioness Townshend has taken to writing plays for the cinematograph, and finds the model scenes she sets up in her garden of great use in assisting her to realise how her dramatic work will appear when filmed. It will be recalled that her Ladyship was Miss Gladys Sutherst, and that she is the daughter of Mr. Thomas Sutherst.

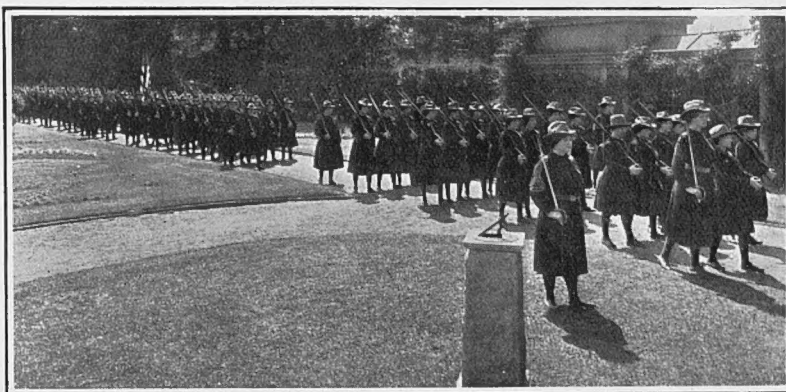
Her marriage took place in 1905.—[Photographs by Clarke and Hyde.]



## WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO—



GERTRUDE LADY DECIES—  
FOR INVENTING A NEW DIS-  
INFECTANT—NO GERMO.



THE GIRLS OF THE OGONTZ SCHOOL, NEAR PHILADELPHIA, U.S.A.—FOR  
NOT BEING SUFFRAGETTES, IN SPITE OF THE FACT THAT THEY PRESENT  
A VERY MILITANT APPEARANCE.



MISS C. B. SAGE—FOR BEING THE  
ONLY WOMAN ART-DIRECTOR,  
AND VERY "PERVERSIVE."

It is announced that Gertrude Lady Decies is taking out a patent for a new disinfectant, known as "No Germo." It is satisfactory to British pride to think that our aristocracy can hold its own in sanitary science with other nations, for, presumably, "No Germo" is not made in Germany. Lady Decies, who is a daughter of Sir John Pollard Willoughby, is the widow of the fourth Baron. Above we give a photograph of the military drill at the Ogontz School for Girls, near Philadelphia, U.S.A. The uniform is a red blouse with black buttons, collar and cuffs, a black pleated serge skirt reaching to the knees, black stockings,

heel-less shoes, and a "fatigue" hat, or, in winter, an English military cap. The officers have the regular chevron on their sleeves, and the captains wear gold belts and real swords.—"Miss Cornelia Bentley Sage" (to quote the "New York Herald") "is the only woman art-director in the world. Her official title is Director of the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy and Albright Art Gallery, and the heads of very few great art institutions are as active, personal, and pervasive in managing these as is Miss Sage in the direction of the dual institution in her keeping."—[Photograph of Lady Decies by Lafayette.]



SEVEN PRETTY LADIES AT EARL'S COURT—FOR APPEARING AS MANNEQUINS, BUT NOT LOOKING AT ALL MANNISH.

One of the attractions of the Fashion Fête at Earl's Court is a parade by a number of beautiful women attired in examples of the latest creations of the dressmaker

and milliner. As we note above though posing as mannequins, they look, not mannish, but adorably feminine.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]



A CHICAGO POLICEWOMAN—FOR NOT  
BEING IN "PLAIN CLOTHES" BUT A  
MANLY UNIFORM (PRESUMABLY BLUE).

Last week we took off our hats to a group of the new Chicago policewomen "in plain clothes"; now we have the pleasure of "hatting" one of the force in uniform, a very business-like affair.—The famous Futurist painter, Gino Severini, married a few days ago, in Paris, the daughter of M. Paul Fort, who is known among his disciples as "the Prince of Poets." Many Futurist artists and writers were present. Our photograph shows, from left to right, Signor Severini and his bride, and her parents, M. and Mme. Paul Fort.—Some consternation was caused



SIGNOR GINO SEVERINI (X)—FOR CONVERTING HIS "FUTURE"  
INTO HIS "PRESENT" AND WEDDING A DAUGHTER OF  
"THE PRINCE OF POETS."

in a London middle-class family the other day when the father of one of the maid-servants called and presented a card inscribed "Kristian Pedersen, Minister of Agriculture, Copenhagen." Most of the Danish Cabinet Ministers' women-folk have a profession. Mr. Pedersen explained to his daughter's mistress that she had come to England to learn the language and customs, and, having no friends in London, went into service—a step which she had no cause to regret. Her example should give English girls food for reflection.



MISS GERDA PEDERSEN—FOR SHOWING  
THAT DOMESTIC SERVICE IS NOT "INFRA-  
DIG." FOR A STATESMAN'S DAUGHTER.



## ROYALTY AND KILTS: THEIR MAJESTIES AT BRAEMAR.



1. HIGHLAND SPORTS BEFORE THEIR MAJESTIES: CLANSMEN DANCING A REEL AT THE BRAEMAR GATHERING.

2. IN THE ROYAL PAVILION AT THE BRAEMAR GATHERING: (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) PRINCE ALBERT, PRINCESS MARY, PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT, PRINCES HENRY AND GEORGE, THE KING, THE PRINCESS ROYAL, THE QUEEN, AND PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG.

The Royal Family were present in force at the annual gathering of the Braemar Royal Highland Society, which took place at Braemar on September 4. The King and Queen drove over from Balmoral, and there were also present the Princess Royal and her party—including the prospective bride and bridegroom, the Duchess of Fife and Prince Arthur of Connaught—from Mar Lodge, and Princess Henry of Battenberg and her

party from Abergeldie Castle. Their Majesties and the other occupants of the Royal Pavilion in the Princess Royal Park were greatly interested in the Highland sports and dancing, and in the march-past of the brawny clansmen. The Braemar Royal Highland Society, which is nearing its centenary, having been founded in 1816, has a philanthropic as well as an athletic purpose, and gives its members the benefits of a friendly society.

Photographs by C.N. and Sport and General.



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Zuleika ..... MAXINE ELLIOTT.  
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## THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

**T**HANKS to Mr. Shaw's play the night before, first-nighters found it rather difficult to attune themselves to the portentous production of “Joseph and His Brethren,” at His Majesty's, and one misguided person was even heard to express a regret that the subject was not treated by Shaw instead of Parker. Of course, the Censor would never have allowed that. Scripture plays by professional iconoclasts are not likely to be passed by the Cerberus of the stage, who had been induced by means of which I am ignorant to relax his rule in favour of really respectable, serious people like Sir Herbert and our pageant playwright. The word “pageant” sums up the situation. So long as “Joseph” is a mere matter of Hebrew pageantry, it is quite interesting and charming; and when it becomes something else, one wonders what it is doing at His Majesty's. There were passages that seemed written for theatres that charge less than half-a-guinea for a stall. Of course, the whole of this criticism might have been applied to “Drake,” which had a vast success, and I shall not be surprised if the history of Joseph and Mrs. Potiphar has a big run, though the choice of the lady for the part has not been quite judicious. The public will revel in the pastoral pictures—indeed, in all the scenes which keep quite close to the story as told in Genesis; and the stage pictures will fascinate thousands, so it will not matter very much if the critics (or some of them) refuse to take the work seriously as drama. Mr. George Relph, after a little nervousness, made quite a “hit” as Joseph; Sir Herbert was very impressive as the Patriarch whose matrimonial arrangements were bound to lead to family troubles; Miss Jessie Winter played quite prettily in the part of Asenath. Excellent performances were given by Messrs. H. A. Saintsbury, Philip Merivale, and Hubert Carter.

“Love and Laughter” shows a sincere attempt to present real comic opera. The work of Messrs. Frederick Fenn and Arthur Wimperis is not quite as brilliant as one expected, but it reaches and keeps upon a fairly high level of humour and good sense. Herr Oscar Straus is not a Sullivan, though some of his concerted music reminded one agreeably of the great master of comic opera. Quite an excellent company has been engaged. Miss Evelyn d'Alroy, on account of a cold, could not do full justice to her singing, but her acting was quite charming, and she looked very pretty as the Princess. Miss Yvonne Arnaud, as the confidante of the Princess, had a *soubrette* part which she played with plenty of spirit, and her singing was excellent. Mr. A. W. Baskcomb as her comic lover, an English airman, was really funny in a restrained style. In a somewhat rougher way, Mr. Tom Shale was entertaining as the Prince Consort of Magoria, and Miss Amy Augarde rendered useful service as his termagant wife. Mr. Bertram Wallis has a task well within his powers as the Prince. Mr. Claude Fleming, the villain of the play, sang rather ably.

At the Garrick there is in “The Real Thing” (a translation of M. Sacha Guitry's “La Prise de Berg-op-Zoom”) a French farce of unusual daring redeemed by a pretty wit and an undertone of seriousness which suggests that in the original there is much of pure comedy. The merely farcical part—a complicated shuffling of husbands, wives, and lovers—is not as funny as it might be. But there are passages between the chief wife (Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry) and the chief lover (Mr. Allan Aynesworth) which rise well above the level of the rest of the play, and really cast a curious spell of fascination; and Mr. Aynesworth comes as near as any Englishman well could to capturing that air of half-heroic, half-comic impudence which only the true Frenchman can assume with perfect ease. It is a really clever performance, and Miss Neilson-Terry showed that she has a pretty gift of comedy. Good work is done in smaller parts by Miss Dorothy Minto and Mr. Spencer Trevor.

The revival of “Nan” at the Court Theatre is a thing which ought not to be missed. Of the wonderful power of Mr. Masfield's work there ought to be no need to speak now. It is a beautiful and a moving tragedy, and with Miss Irene Rooke, large-eyed, pathetically meek, and most appealingly sincere, playing Nan, it is as finely acted as it has ever been.

Some disappointment will be felt concerning one of the two new Barrie plays. The shorter, called “The Will,” is a superb little comedy showing three stages in the life and career of a successful man, and the cause of his failure to attain happiness. The characters are finely drawn, and the author shows his rare stagecraft in the nice growth and development of each. From first to last one is held and moved by the work. The acting is wholly admirable, and one cannot distinguish in praise between Miss Helen Haye and Messrs. O. B. Clarence, S. Valentine, F. Denton, and L. Owen. Concerning “The Adored: A Legend of the Old Bailey,” one cannot write so happily, since, after a charming first act, it becomes a rather chaotic extravaganza, marred by much repetition of comic effects. Leonora herself, presented by Mrs. Patrick Campbell, is quite delightful: in the first act her comedy was of the finest, most delicate order, and in the rest she almost convinced us that a woman could turn the heads of a whole Old Bailey audience in 19—. Sir John Hare, as the presiding Judge, gave us quite a perfect piece of quiet comic acting. After these two, there seems hardly reason to speak of the others, and yet one must mention the clever work of Miss Mary Barton, Miss Helen Haye, and Mr. Tearle.





THROUGH THE HIGHLANDS BY CAR AND RAIL: A SCOTTISH SABBATH AND A BATTLEFIELD.

**A Clash of Times.** It was because a little railway in the west of the Scottish Highlands fails to connect with a boat on the Caledonian Canal, or vice versa, that on Sunday last I had a delightful motor drive from the west to the east of the Highlands. A train on the railway that runs from Spean Bridge to Fort Augustus is timed to arrive at the latter place at 10.30 a.m., and the steam-boat going through the Canal to Inverness is timed to leave Fort Augustus at 10.30 a.m. This means that the passengers on the train, if it were punctual to the minute, would see the steamer starting on her way down Loch Ness. Whether the canal authorities and the railway authorities have quarrelled I, of course, do not know, but the result of this clash of times is that everybody travelling from east to west who possesses or can borrow or hire a motor-car uses that form of conveyance, and leaves the little railway and the steam-boat severely alone.

**A Delightful Journey.**

As I could not make the journey from Invergarry to Inverness by train and boat, as I had wished, on Monday morning, my host and hostess at a big shooting-lodge on a loch in the west sent me the whole journey in a motor-car. The drive gave me a panorama of all that is most beautiful in the Highlands. I had left a loch surrounded by mountains as steep as those of Norway, and, going always downhill by a chain of river and lochs, came to Invergarry, where is a river (said to be one of the best, if not the best, for salmon in the spring, and fished then by the Duke of Portland) and the well into which the heads of the seven Keppoch murderers were thrown after they had been laid at the feet of the Chief of the MacDonalds. Then the road, after crossing and re-crossing the canal, runs along the northern shore of Loch Ness, the mountains gradually lessening in height and steepness, the deer-forests and mountain rivers giving place to broad fields of wheat as we neared the warmer climate of the east; and at last, when we had passed the plain where the Northern Gathering is held, the spires of Inverness came into view, and our journey was over.

**The Wearing of the Kilt.**

Everything had arranged itself for this motor drive that I might not leave the north of Scotland without seeing all that we Southerners believe to be essentially Scottish. There were shaggy Highland cattle feeding on the banks of Loch Ness, some of them actually lying on the road and resenting the appearance of the motor-car as an intrusion on their Sabbath quietude; and some of the little boys who were being taken to kirk wore their tartan kilts. Had I not met these infant Highlanders on this Sunday, I should have been ten days in the Highlands without seeing a kilt, and this, I fancy, would have been a record, for so many of the English who go up to the hills put on kilts, though the Highlanders are quite content to wear trousers or knickerbockers and stockings.

**Inverness Sunday Music.**

On Sunday afternoon in Inverness, I, who had carefully abstained from whistling lest I should offend, was surprised to hear a brass band playing a rousing march. I walked to the sound of the music, and found that it proceeded from the Salvation Army headquarters, where a field-day was being held. Many of the able-bodied citizens of Inverness stood outside and listened, and when, later in the afternoon, the Salvationists came out into the open and held a service, with a good deal of brass in the music, outside the townhall, all Inverness, with its hands in its pockets, stood at a respectful distance and listened. The Salvationists do not have it all their own way, for the Young Men's Christian Association, on the first floor of a big building, was also vocal at night, and those of the worthy burghers of Inverness who were not listening to the Salvation cornets listened

outside to the high notes of the Christian Young Men. The American tourists were, in the afternoon, all up on the Castle Hill looking at the statue of Flora Macdonald, which statue and the Salvation Army seemed to be the only sights available to the public in Inverness on a Sunday.

**Highland Fore-ground Objects.**

Coming down by train the next day from Inverness to Perth, I found there was a new object in the foreground of all the finest scenery—an object which painters have as yet overlooked. It is the broken-down motor-car. There were motor-cars in various states of disrepair, some on the road, some pulled out on to the heather at the pass by Tomatin and at Dalwhinnie and at Killiecrankie, and the road seemed to

smoke with the scores of cars in good going order of people who were seeing the Highlands in their own conveyances. Had it not been that at one wayside station I saw the station flies and an hotel omnibus, I should not have seen anything but motor-cars on the big roads as I came down through the Grampians.

**The Battlefield of Culloden.**

Most modern battlefields that I have seen stretch over such a vast amount of country that they are broad landscapes, and it takes two or three days really to understand how the battle was fought. Even the field of Waterloo suffers from its comparative breadth, for it is impossible to understand the difficulties of the commanders unless one goes through the marshy valleys through which the Prussians came to Wellington's assistance, dragging their heavy guns through the mire; but Culloden Moor, over which the train runs soon after leaving Inverness, is a splendid example of a battlefield of the days when cannon did not throw their balls as far as a modern rifle shoots, and when the opposing forces were massed in clumps three and four deep. A brook runs through it, and from the brook to either side the hill runs up in a series of shelving plateaux, which, had it not been for the mist, would have given the opposing armies a most admirable close view of each other.



WHERE THE BEACH IS REALLY CROWDED: THE SHORE AT CONEY ISLAND, NEAR NEW YORK, FROM THE MUNICIPAL BATHING-HOUSE.

Anything that may be called a crowd on the beach at Blackpool or at Margate is quite put into the shade by the appearance of the shore at Coney Island, New York, during the bathing season. The photograph shows a stretch of the bathing beach there seen from the Municipal Bathing House, and looking up towards Brighton Beach. Coney Island, which is part of Brooklyn, is situated at the entrance to New York Harbour, on the southern shore of Long Island. It is five miles long, and is divided into the districts of West Brighton, Brighton, Sea Gate, and Manhattan Beach. There is a frequent service of steam-boats from New York.



## TWO ROYAL BUT NON-REGNANT HOUSES UNITED BY MARRIAGE.



1. IN HIS UNIFORM AS A NAVAL OFFICER: THE PRINCE OF WALES (X), ARM-IN-ARM WITH THE DUCHESS OF AOSTA, IN THE WEDDING PROCESSION.

3. CONGRATULATED BY A PORTUGUESE REPUBLICAN AS "AN EXCELLENT PATRIOT": KING MANUEL LEADING HIS BRIDE TO CHURCH.

The wedding of King Manuel and Princess Augustine Victoria of Hohenzollern took place at Sigmaringen, the bride's home, on September 4, and everything passed off very successfully. Cardinal Netto, formerly Archbishop of Lisbon, officiated, and the service was conducted in Portuguese. According to the "Sunday Times," the Pope "appointed Cardinal Netto to act for him, with the full rank of Papal Legate." When the rings were produced,

it is said, the Cardinal was on the point of handing the wrong one to the bride when King Manuel put him right. The bride wore a small diamond crown on her head, and her train was of silver brocade. The Prince of Wales, whose attendance caused much interest, wore the uniform of a naval lieutenant. He and the Duchess of Aosta, aunt of the bridegroom, walked together in the procession. Later in the day the Prince of Wales, who

Photograph



# THE WEDDING OF KING MANUEL AND HIS GERMAN BRIDE.



2. TRIBUTE FROM GIRLS IN PEASANT ATTIRE: CONVENT CHILDREN PRESENT A BOUQUET TO THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM AFTER THE WEDDING.

4. MOTHER OF THE BRIDEGROOM AND FATHER OF THE BRIDE: QUEEN AMELIE OF PORTUGAL AND PRINCE WILLIAM OF HOHENZOLLERN.

"made an excellent impression" (to quote the "Times") "by his geniality and modesty," left for Balmoral via Paris. On leaving the church the bride and bridegroom returned to the inner court of the castle, where they listened to songs and recitations by convent girls in peasant dress, one of whom presented a bouquet. Children were especially prominent in the rejoicings. At the banquet, Prince William of Hohenzollern, proposing the toast of the bridal pair, said to his daughter: "From to-day

onwards you belong for all time to your husband. Be to him a true support, helpmate and self-sacrificing companion in sorrow as in joy. . . . For the third time in a little more than fifty years the ancient and illustrious Houses of Portugal and Hohenzollern have been united." The most interesting message of congratulation was a telegram to King Manuel from a leading Portuguese Republican, "to the man who has always been, as your Majesty has, an excellent patriot."





### A QUAIN ENTERTAINMENT AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

#### The St. James's Harlequinade.

The idea of the Man in the Street that the McCarthy-Barker management is rather freakish will be confirmed by its exploit at the St. James's Theatre. For the queer people from the Kingsway start their Christmas entertainment in September, begin the bill with a harlequinade, and conclude it by a pantomime. Really, this method has much to commend it. For years I have longed to see the Harlequinade at Drury Lane, but every time I find that the Pantomime itself has exhausted me, and I crawl away just when Mr. Clown makes his entrance. Of course, the Harlequinade at the St. James's is not quite like the one at the old Patent Theatre. It is really a *revue* of the history of Harlequinade, with Miss Cathleen Nesbitt and Mr. Arthur Whitby as Commère and Compère. It is quite worth your money to see and hear Miss Nesbitt whilst she tells you the history of the temporary conversion of Mercury into Harlequin, Momus into Clown, Charon into Pantaloon, and Psyche into Columbine; and Mr. Whitby as her old uncle who occasionally interrupts her is delightfully funny. The history is illustrated by a group of players, sometimes acting in dumb show, at others employing speech, and in the end expressing stupefaction when they discover that their occupation is like that of Othello, in the American theatre of a few years hence, when mechanical devices occupy the boards to the exclusion of human beings.

#### The Theatre of the Future.

puppet drama. The cinema palaces multiply tremendously, and the players lend themselves suicidally to their competitor. There are enthusiasts — Mr. Gordon Craig again—disposed to act on the French phrase, "On coupera les paroles comme nuisant à l'action." Goodness knows what is the answer to the question, "Quo Vadis?" when applied to the drama. Possibly almost in our day one will look upon a real flesh-and-blood actor with the awe inspired by the sight of a cab-horse. In the meantime, let us rejoice in the clever people we find at the St. James's, and the ingenious writing of Mr. Calthrop and Mr. Barker, who have "contrived" three effective episodes for their Harlequinade—two of them with a pleasant note of sentiment.

**Andy's Jolly Lion.** When first it was announced that Mr. Bernard Shaw had written a play about Androcles and the Lion, I felt sure that we should merely have a "spoof" lion, and even the paragraphs that appeared from time to time failed to make me believe that we should actually see a real Shaw

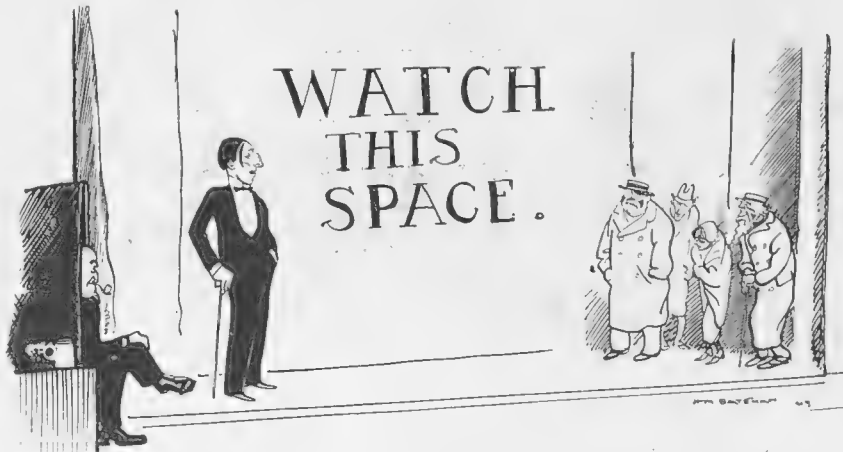
version of the king of beasts upon the stage. The greater, then, the surprise and joy in his lion, the most fascinating monster imaginable. He has boldly bid against Drury Lane, home of men-monsters, and come out triumphant. There is a shade of difference between the St. James's lion and the famous quadrupeds of other pantomimes, for one discovers a nice restraint in the humours of Mr. Edward Sillward, who acts the animal: he is really a comedy lion, not a pantomime lion, a creature that seems to say, "I could be more funny in a boisterous way than this, but if I were, the delicate humour of Mr. O. P. Heggie, my Androcles, would suffer, and I will do nothing to hurt my 'Andy.'" A most excellent, gravely humorous king of beasts, with nice feline touches and a capital roaring voice. But the lion is not everything. There are other sources of laughter in the whimsical entertainment, where Mr. Shaw makes fun of many things and people in the famous Shavian manner, and yet, quietly preaches a valuable lesson of toleration by showing the absurdities of intolerance. It is a little unkind in him also to apply his method to the heroics of

martyrdom. Moreover, he advances a strong plea against cruelty to animals.

#### The Martyrs' Green-Room.

The play is rather elaborately mounted, and there is even effective employment of a revolving stage to show us Androcles entering the arena, fearlessly, to meet the lion, and his joyful encounter of the grateful beast from whose paw he had plucked the thorn. Moreover, a curiously real, if not exactly realistic, picture is given of what one might call the green-room of the Roman Colosseum, where the

Christians and the gladiators are awaiting the summons of the Imperial "call-boy" for their "turns" in the appalling variety entertainment of the Roman Empire. Of course, it is rather mischievous of "G. B. S." to do this kind of thing, for in the future we shall find it hard to be properly thrilled when the romantic playwrights handle similar situations. In the meantime, let us laugh and be merry, and rejoice in the statuesque beauty and fine diction of Miss Lillah McCarthy as Lavinia, the Christian maid who would rather die than offer incense to Diana, yet is curiously uncertain as to her exact religious belief; in Mr. Arthur Brydone, a muscular



"THE HARLEQUINADE": THE "DRAMA OF THE FUTURE" SCENE.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



EXPLANATIONS DURING "THE HARLEQUINADE": MISS CATHLEEN NESBITT AS MISS ALICE WHISTLER AND MR. ARTHUR WHITBY AS HER UNCLE EDWARD.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

Christian prepared to knock his tenets into anybody's head with his brawny fists; and in Androcles. Mr. O. P. Heggie's performance is of rare merit. One hardly knows whether to call it pathetic or comic, for it is both and neither: there is a touching simplicity of the nicest art, and the perfect delineation of a quiet, brave, generous soul. A word, too, must be said in praise of Mr. Leon Quartermaine as the bewildered Emperor; and Miss Claire Greet gives a very clever piece of acting as the shrewish wife of the hero.—E. F. S. (MONOCLE)



BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: "ANDROCLES AND THE LION."



ANDY, TOMMY THE LION, AND SOME OTHERS: CHARACTERS IN THE BERNARD SHAW FABLE PLAY

Mr. Bernard Shaw's "Androcles and the Lion" was produced at the St. James's Theatre the other day.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.





## LORD KITCHENER.

**E**VEN if he is put into one of those short beds that in the past cramped the legs of a long Minister in Attendance, Lord Kitchener is relishing his visit to Balmoral. It is true he stands—and lies—well over six feet; it is true that there was a time when he would have obeyed the royal command with alacrity, but no zest. But times have changed. For years he was too silent a man to feel that he made a comfortable guest either at the dinner-table or in a house-party. His silence was competent and domineering, the sort of silence that prods other people into speech and action; but for all that, it was a habit, not to be shaken off at will for a week-end. But the Lord Kitchener of to-day is garrulous compared with the Lord Kitchener of yesterday.

From "Rats" to Orations.

The change has come with the enlarged scope of his activities. When it was a question of moving great bodies of native troops, he spoke as few words as the shepherd who leads his flock on the South Downs. When it came to dealing with any large body of men, monosyllables still served his turn. The time arrives, however, when the school-boy who says "Rats" to everything must enlarge his vocabulary; the time came when Lord Kitchener, as the director of national policy, as a trusted counsellor in Downing Street, found that talk also had its uses. He is no longer so placed that he must be perpetually snubbing "Mrs. Colonel" or a talkative lieutenant; and, since he has no longer to enforce silence in others, he does not enforce it in himself. Perhaps he will never be eloquent. "I can't speak, and so I won't," he once said in apology at a dinner in New York; "it's better to say nothing than to send you to sleep." There were some famous after-dinner humourists present, and K. of K. chose the wiser course. In Egypt, on the other hand, the Sphinx must necessarily outdo him in silence; so there, too, he has chosen well. He has now as much conversation as his predecessor, Lord Cromer.

A Matter of Looks.

The Kitchener of the special-reporter "stands straight as a lance, and looks out imperiously above most men's heads; his motions are deliberate and strong, he seems built for tireless, steel-wire endurance; steady, passionless eyes, shaded by decisive brows, a long moustache under which you divine an immovable mouth; his face is harsh and neither appeals for affection nor stirs dislike." To this class of observer he "seems to have no age but the prime of life." But meet him by chance upon a station platform, when he is travelling casually, for his own pleasure; watch him in the refreshment-room and at the bookstall, and your pen, if it is honest, will make a much less conventionally stern picture. His well-worn tweed suit sufficiently disguises the lance-like straightness, his cap has a look of ease and familiarity, the brown boots suggest that an orderly, instead of getting to his brushes, sometimes over-sleeps himself; the Kitchener you see forgets that he is supposed to look out imperiously over other men's heads; and the tanned face, after a few weeks in Europe, shows more natural red than martial brown.

The Ambushy Brow.

But one feature dear to the special reporter remains. "His strength lies in his eyebrows," said a woman who had seen enough of him to distrust the legend that he is made only of iron and steel, and whips and wire. One may distrust, too, the legend that he has cared only for one woman in his life—the nurse of his infancy. "Mrs. Colonel," admittedly, he has snubbed; "The Chinese have one great qualification for being good soldiers," he once said in talk; "their wives are nonentities; they are free from the Colonel's lady who runs not only the Colonel but the garrison as well." It is in saying such things that Lord Kitchener conforms to the special

reporter's picture of him; it is then that one is terribly conscious of the fierceness of his lowered brows, an ambush bristling with bayonets. (For his eyes are really steel-like.)

Chargers and Charges.

But Lord Kitchener is too wise a man to have based all his judgments of womenkind on his observations of the kind of women whom he thinks it expedient to avoid. He does not, like the private, confine his knowledge of drinking-mugs to those he finds in the canteen: Lord Kitchener's *expertise* in porcelain is typical of his outlook on the other good things for which Art and Nature are responsible. He would laugh away the suggestion that he is a lover of poetry, but he knows enough of *belles lettres* to be expert in avoiding the perusal of rubbish. His taste is severe in everything, and his praises very reserved. "You remind me of a figure on a Chinese vase," was the only compliment he could bring himself to pay a lovely lady dying for compliments from her hero. Perhaps she hardly realised how much may have been meant by the saying; his Chinese vases are the things he values most in the world. He has spent more on one small piece of *sang de bœuf* than he has ever spent on a horse. His favourite charger is one that could carry nothing bigger than a head.

**Sang de Boeuf.** He is not a man to buy unwisely, although in paying £1500 for a vase he feels the thrill of pleasure which comes to the collector only when he has been somewhat extravagant. Lord

Kitchener is not, or, rather, was not, a soldier of fortune; he has been obliged to be shrewd in his deals in porcelain. He was shrewd, for instance, when he decided that he would buy no blue-and-white, because blue-and-white is in every collection. *Sang de bœuf* is one of his favourite colours. His experiences in battle have not made him unduly sensitive to the hue of slaughter. It is characteristic of him that he never shudders at the thought of Omdurman when, as against the forty-seven killed in his own forces, ten thousand eight hundred Dervishes were slain. But Lord Kitchener at his soldier's heart (which has nothing to do with any other he may have) is what the special reporter makes him in person—relentless, a thing of steel. Even Mr. Winston Churchill's youthful criticisms did not make him wince. The Army is no place for generous notions. "Kill your enemy and your ideals" is one of his maxims—and they, in his hands, are always weapons of destruction.



LORD KITCHENER.

Unusual interest always attaches to one of as strong a personality as Lord Kitchener, and at the moment even this is accentuated when it is recalled that, fifteen years ago last week, the famous soldier entered Khartoum, as Sirdar of the Egyptian Army, ran up the Union Jack and the Turkish flag above the Palace, and so proclaimed the reconquest of the territory abandoned twelve years before. His Lordship, who became British Agent and Consul-General in Egypt in 1911, was born at Ballylongford, Co. Kerry, on June 24, 1850. He entered the Royal Engineers in 1871. His home seat is Broome Park, Canterbury.

Photograph by Lafayette.



## A FUTURE EARL OF BESSBOROUGH: LORD DUNCANNON'S HEIR.



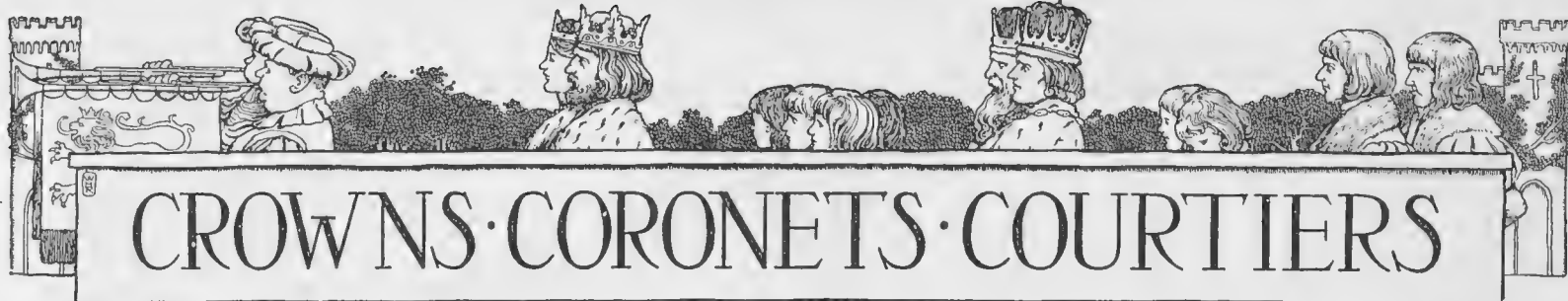
PHOTOGRAPHED AT BESSBOROUGH: VISCOUNTESS DUNCANNON WITH HER BABY SON,  
THE HON. FREDERICK EDWARD NEUFLIZE PONSONBY.

It will be recalled that the marriage of Viscount Duncannon, eldest son of the Earl of Bessborough, and Mlle. Roberte de Neuflyze, only daughter of Baron de

Neuflyze, of Paris, took place in Paris on June 25, 1912, at the Temple de l'Etoile, in the Avenue de la Grande Armée.

*Photograph by Poole.*





# CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER'S

WHILE Lord Sackville was shooting with Lord Savile in Yorkshire, Lady Sackville and her daughter were in Paris among the modes. The shooting season not seldom gives the sportsman's womenkind the opportunity of going about the business that needs neither gun nor escort. Harrogate,

for instance, is crowded, but principally by women. Lady Annesley, Lady Galway, Lady Constance Gore, and Lady Wise, among others, have all been taking shelter there while the partridges enticed men out into the rain. Among other visitors at Harrogate was Sir John Aird, who, after alternate days of tanning sun and bluff winds, maintains that he has

in half-a-dozen counties, sells five of them, according to the present fashion, without a tremor of regret; but Lord Kenmare, having no particular foothold elsewhere, is deeply distressed at the destruction of a house that was really his home.

A man of genial presence, with genial sons, he had made Killarney known to a large number of friends. Never satisfied with the hasty conditions of social intercourse in London, he contrived to make Killarney his chief trysting-place, whether with a Papal Legate or an M.F.H. The King, whose memories of Killarney go back a number of years, is one of a multitude of guests who know how to be sorry with Lord Kenmare.

*The Audience.* It is easy to sympathise with Mr. Bernard Shaw's intolerance of his audience. The stupid guffaws of stalls or gallery (they come as often from the one as from the other) can be more irritating than a stupid play. Indeed, applause and laughter ingeniously misplaced can turn even a clever play into something that sounds silly. But one of Mr. Shaw's reasons for thinking badly of the house at large the other night is not quite fair; it gives too much credit to the intelligence of his own privileged circle of friends, as against the intelligence of everybody else. Anybody near his box could see that the author was not pleased; but outside his box—what of it? The audience laughed when it wanted to;



A PEERESS IN HER OWN RIGHT:  
BARONESS BEAUMONT.

Mona Josephine Tempest Stapleton, Baroness Beaumont, holds a title that dates from 1309. Her father, the tenth Baron, died in 1895, and the title remained in abeyance between her and her younger sister, the Hon. Ivy Stapleton, until the following year, when it was determined in her favour. Baroness Beaumont was born in 1894.

the appearance of being Sir John well-Aird.

*Mr. Runciman's Holiday.* Mr. Walter Runciman's holiday on a fishing-boat is not quite so hardy an experiment as it sounds until one knows that the fishing-boat is a steam-trawler. But however big and new the trawler may be, it is a fishy business at the best. Indeed, the later type of fishing-vessel is more aggressively given over to the business in hand than others are, for, instead of lumping the catch into the hold, and being done with it, it is now cleaned and otherwise dealt with on board. But good winds, plenty of salt-water, and a little salt-beef (nobody thinks of eating fish under the circumstances) make the holiday, from Mr. Walter Runciman's point of view, wholly satisfactory. Any cargo is apt to be unpleasant. It is noteworthy, for instance, that a man who has travelled on an orange-boat would never choose to do so again if he could get on a fishing-smack instead.



TO MARRY MAJOR E. H. T. PARSONS TO-DAY (SEPTEMBER 10):  
MISS MARION MARJORIE WINIFRED GLEN-COATS.

Miss Glen-Coats is the only daughter of Sir Thomas Glen-Coats, Bt., of 29, Belgrave Square. Major Parsons, late Royal Artillery, and a Chief Constable of the Metropolitan Police, is a son of the late Captain E. T. Parsons, R.N.

Photograph by Speaight.



DAUGHTER OF THE DUKE OF RICHMOND BY HIS SECOND MARRIAGE: LADY MURIEL BECKWITH.

Lady Muriel Beckwith (née Gordon-Lennox) is the elder of the two daughters of the Duke of Richmond by his second wife, Isabel Sophie, daughter of Mr. W. G. Craven, whom he married in 1882, and who died five years later. Lady Muriel married in 1904, Captain W. B. Beckwith, of the Coldstream Guards. (Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.)

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*A Real Grief.* Though the figures are bad enough, Lord Kenmare's loss is not easily translated into terms of pounds. Killarney meant much to him. The big landlord, with half-a-dozen places

naturally, his friends, under his eye, laughed only when he wanted them to. He had with him an actress, an artist, and an American, all grown-up, polite people who would, out of consideration for their host, take their cue from him. These three, he declares, never once laughed in the wrong place. But let him consider how far he ought to thank himself for that.



THE ONLY DAUGHTER OF LORD AND LADY COWDRAY: LADY DENMAN, WIFE OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF AUSTRALIA.

Before her marriage, which took place in 1903, Lady Denman was known as the Hon. Gertrude Mary Pearson. She is a daughter of the first Baron Cowdray. Lord Denman became Governor-General of the Australian Commonwealth in 1911.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

other night is not quite fair; it gives too much credit to the intelligence of his own privileged circle of friends, as against the intelligence of everybody else. Anybody near his box could see that the author was not pleased; but outside his box—what of it? The audience laughed when it wanted to;



ENTERTAINING QUIETLY AT DUNROBIN CASTLE:  
THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.

The Duchess of Sutherland, whose husband, it will be recalled, inherited his title very recently, was known before her marriage, which took place last year, as Lady Eileen Butler. She is a daughter of the Earl of Lanesborough. In consequence of the late Duke's death, their Graces are entertaining only relatives and intimate friends at Dunrobin Castle.

Photograph by Swaine.



## THE PECULIAR "ADVT.": THE ART OF EYE-ARRESTING.

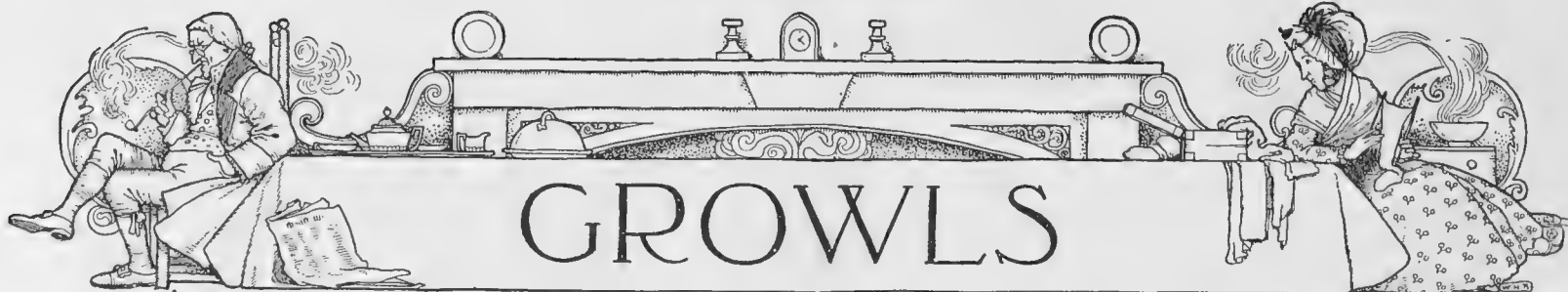


GUARANTEED TO CRY "HALT" TO THOSE WHO SEE THEM: ADVERTISEMENTS IN MODERN PICTORIAL FORM.

There was a time when many advertisements were eyesores, and disfigured the pages of illustrated papers in which they appeared. Nowadays, however, a very different state of affairs prevails. Pictorial advertisements are nearly always things of beauty, and the

up-to-date advertiser has pressed into his service even the newest developments of modern art. We give here striking examples of such advertisements which hail from France and Germany. Though eccentric in form, they are certainly artistic.





## SPORT AND EXPENDITURE: A PATRIOT'S DILEMMA.

WHILE endeavouring to the utmost to make myself familiar with the precise duties of a well-disposed British citizen, in order that I may never fail to keep myself worthy of that proud distinction, I find the task becoming more and more difficult as the years roll on. In the days of my youth, before I was pestered

by problems, I played my part in the national games of the country—with no very great distinction, I grant, but with some success and much determination. In doing so, I had no notion that the proceeding was a matter of national concern: I liked the sports for themselves, and the addition of one more cap to my collection raised me in the estimation of my fellows. An invitation to represent my 'Varsity at football suffused me with a glow of pardonable pride, and the captaincy of my college eleven was a matter of considerable satisfaction. I was not given to analysing things then, but I am satisfied now that my athletics never got in the way of my work, which was at the best intermittent, and may even have had a salutary effect on my liver in later life. In that I was conforming to custom, I had no idea that I was doing anything reprehensible, any more than that I was assisting in the glorious work of Empire-building. But as time went along, and age and other circumstances made violent exercise im-

politic, there came a voice chiding me in bitter words and clarion lyrics for my performances in the field. I was openly charged with muddled oafdom and flannelled folly in the past. I felt hurt, but not seriously so, in view of the fact that there was no chance of my repeating my mistake. I had only acted according to my lights and after a fashion which received official sanction at the time; and, while I was inwardly a little sore about the attack, I comforted myself with the thought that I had erred in good faith and in good company.

these things. There was published a manifesto bearing some of the most honoured signatures in the land, telling me that defeat meant national disaster, and that there were blots on the nation's escutcheon which must be removed, and inviting subscriptions for the purpose of restoring Great Britain to her pristine place amongst the nations. And then did a great wave of enthusiasm sweep over me. I forgot all about the taunts of Kipling, and thought only of my country and her mislaid prestige. Surely, I told myself, this must be remedied. She can never take her rightful place in the councils of the world so long as other nations have sons who can run faster and jump higher than hers. And I was glad to think that the stain upon her name was not indelible, and that a fund backed by such great names was just the thing to wipe it out; and I determined that, so soon as the balance at my bank assumed more impressive dimensions, I would draw a cheque and lay it at my country's feet, imploring her to devote it to the mighty purpose of rehabilitating herself in the eyes of the world.

**The Last Straw.** But even whilst I was in the first throes of my ecstasies, and long before the bank-book had time to indicate the requisite margin, I was confronted by quite another school of thought. The ambient air began to rumble with objections to my giving any support to this resounding scheme. Other personages bearing honoured names would have none of it. Mr. Frederic Harrison was as positive

as a Positivist could be that it was reprehensible to the last degree, and a public-school headmaster mastheaded it in the most pronounced archididasalian style; while others whose opinions I could not well ignore declared that it was a delusion and a snare. Our vaunted amateurism was at stake; we were degrading ourselves to the level of the pot-hunter; our athletics could look after themselves as of old without eleemosynary assistance; and it was even doubtful whether we should think of touching the pentathlon with the end of a punt-pole. So here am I, actuated by the finest intentions, and yet not knowing which way to turn. Am I to be an Olympian or an anti-Olympian? I am dragged this way and that, searching vainly for the light. One Empire-builder insists that the structure cannot be completed without the mortar of athletic supremacy; while another avers that only by sticking to the grim business of life can we put the finishing touches to the edifice. I am seriously thinking of taking out letters of denatural-

isation, of seizing on the vacant throne of Albania, of setting up a code of patriotism of my own, and of ridding myself once and for ever of all this mental worry and uncertainty.—MOSTYN T. PIGOTT.

THE NEW YASHMAK VEIL IN ITS THICKEST FORM: AN AMERICAN LADY WEARING A "HAREM ADJUNCT," AT NEWPORT, U.S.A.

Photograph by Thomson.

politic, there came a voice chiding me in bitter words and clarion lyrics for my performances in the field. I was openly charged with muddled oafdom and flannelled folly in the past. I felt hurt, but not seriously so, in view of the fact that there was no chance of my repeating my mistake. I had only acted according to my lights and after a fashion which received official sanction at the time; and, while I was inwardly a little sore about the attack, I comforted myself with the thought that I had erred in good faith and in good company.

**The Next Phase.** But in spite of the reproof, as time went along I still retained my interest in these things. I diligently kept abreast of the athletic doings of the hour, and when these took an international turn my interest was proportionately increased. When my country was victorious I rejoiced, and when she met with a reverse I was downcast, but hoped that she would have better luck next time. Victory engendered no blatant Jingoism, and defeat never made me feel that the nations of the earth were pointing fingers of scorn at her. Some of the games in which she competed were new to me—and to her, for that matter; but whether the contest were on new or on familiar lines, I read the results without crowing offensively or being plunged into patriotic pessimism. But there arrived a moment when I was forced to another aspect of



"HERE LIES POOR FOG!" A REMARKABLE HEADSTONE TO A DOG.

This dog's grave, with its curious headstone, is beside the line of the London and South Western Railway, near New Malden. The headstone is in memory of a dog belonging to a plate-layer, which was killed on a foggy night while its master was on fogging duty. The inscription reads: "Here lies poor 'Fog.' Born on a foggy day, his licence was purchased with fogging-money. His end was pieces. 1889."

Photograph by Record Press.

isation, of seizing on the vacant throne of Albania, of setting up a code of patriotism of my own, and of ridding myself once and for ever of all this mental worry and uncertainty.—MOSTYN T. PIGOTT.



*Hotel Hogs.*



VI.—THE TAKE - UP - HALF - THE - HOTEL SORT OF COUPLE.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.



# FIVE O'CLOCK FRIVOLITIES

AURORA BORE - ALICE.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

"DO you remember sweet Alice," readers, "Sweet Alice with hair so"?—no, it is not brown; she cannot resign herself to let it become brown. If you do not remember her, it must be that I have never mentioned her. She is a niece of mine, seven and a half years my junior and a great pal as well. At odd times, when she has a pique with her young husband and thinks she would like a sporting "ootfeet," she and four boxes suddenly appear on my threshold.

Yesterday morning, very early, I was still in the arms of Morpheus when a sudden hail of small pebbles whipped my window-pane and made me sit up in bed with a joyous presentiment of something exciting and romantic. Quick—a *peignoir*, a caress of the powder-puff, a stroke of the brush on my tousled mane, and I approach the window on tip-toe. Whoever is the foolish boy? I feel very indulgent, but think it due to the hour and to my dignity of British (by marriage) matron to look reproachful. One should not appear anything but severe at six o'clock in the morning—to outsiders, anyway. I look out, taking care not to frown too hard, one hand over my beating heart—to keep my kimono in discreet position—and what do I see? The milk, a couple of big boxes with several other smaller boxes (boxes are like rabbits—they multiply in a wondrous way), a rug, out of which peep many sunshades and an umbrella, a paper-bound novel lying flat on the gravel path like a yellow butterfly, and Alice sitting on the biggest box (the papa box), drumming her heels and doing her best to break my window with choice pebbles.

"Why!" I gasped, "is it you, Alice?"

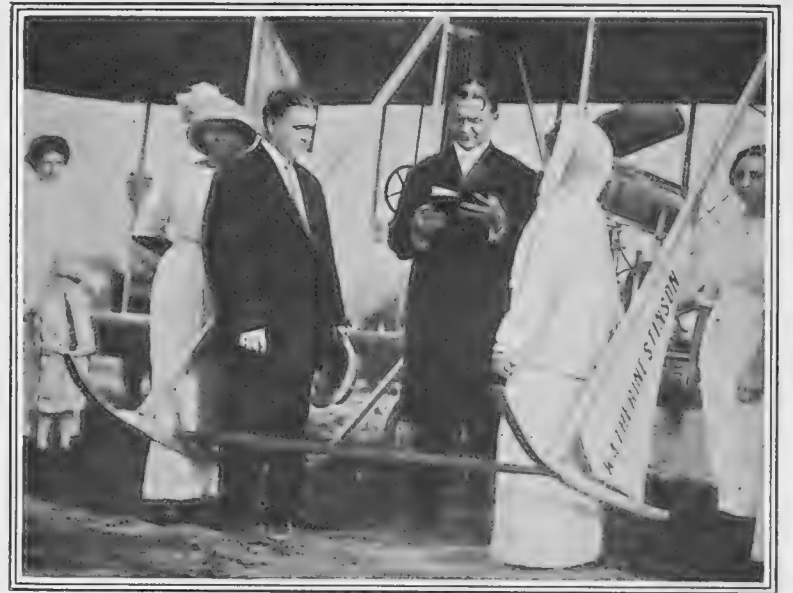
"Of course," says Alice, as if she were in the habit of crossing the Channel every night for a morning chat with me, "of course, it's me. Whoever did you think it was?"

"I—really—I could not think who it could be."

"That makes it worse!" laughs Alice in the flippant way my nieces have got with me.

"What has happened, girl? D'you know it is only six, and no one is up? You look as if you had eloped."

"Oh, no, only I thought it would be lovely to see you again. And then I had a tiff with Chéri (Alice's husband and slave). And



WEDDED BETWEEN THE SKIDS: A COUPLE BEING MARRIED "IN" AN AEROPLANE.

As they first met one another at an aviation meeting, Mr. William A. Wilson and Miss Anne May Gorrell decided to be married in an aeroplane. The bride and bridegroom live in Cincinnati, and as flying-machines are not to be found in or near that city, as a rule, the wedding had to be delayed for over a year until the good angel arrived in the form of Miss Katherine Stinson, the airwoman, who flew about the city and courteously lent her aeroplane for the ceremony, which was performed by the Rev. S. I. Gear, a Presbyterian minister.—[Photograph by Fleet Agency.]

besides, I wanted a nice green sweetheart like yours, and you can only get them in England, and—"

"Hush, hush!" I begged, flabbergasted. "Come up, girl. We can't discuss those private family matters through the window." Alice came up and sat on my bed, and further enlightened me about Chéri and the nice green sweetheart, which must be warm and wide across the shoulders, as if it's to play golf in, and hand-knitted.

"It's a sweater you want!" I shouted with a sob of relief.

"That's what I said," answered Alice complacently. "Like yours, but with an extra pocket."

This afternoon we went to town to do some shopping—an aunt must know how to sacrifice herself.

At a crossing Alice pinches my arm significantly, as a helmeted Hercules stops the traffic for us to pass. "Do heiresses marry policemen, Martouche?"

"No—at least, not often; it is not a habit with them. Why?"

"Well, lords marry chorus-girls for their looks, don't they? I do not see why heiresses should not marry those beautiful men!"

Once back in Richmond, Alice clutches frantically at my arm as we were passing an appetising confectionery shop. "What is it, dear? Do you want to buy some cakes?"

My niece points at some gilt letters spread on one side of the shop window—

"FOR MAIDS-OF-HONOUR."

"How can they possibly know?" gasps Alice. "Do they require a character from the purchasers?"

I point to the word

"FAMOUS"

"flamboyant" symmetrically on the other window. "Maids-of-Honour are a specialty of Richmond, silly! Cakes, you know, called after the Court ladies of Queen Elizabeth."

Alice made a provision of them for Chéri. "They will be mighty stale, I fear, when he gets them; but the first duty of a husband is to be able to swallow anything with closed eyes."

Alice has bought enough "ootfeet" to last her until she is too old to think of anything else but an arm-chair and quilted slippers.

P.S.—There is a new baby box—very big for its age.



THE WEDDING OF MRS. WILLIAM JAMES AND MAJOR J. C. BRINTON: THE BRIDE LEAVING ST. MARGARET'S WITH HER HUSBAND AFTER HER MARRIAGE.

The wedding of Mrs. William James, widow of Mr. William James, of West Dean Park, Chichester, and well known as a hostess of royalty and as an amateur actress, and Major J. C. Brinton took place very quietly the other day at St. Margaret's, Westminster. There was no reception after the ceremony, and Major and Mrs. Brinton left for the Continent early in the afternoon.—[Photograph by G.P.U.]



THE NUT AS DEAR-STALKER.



AUBREY (*by way of impressing the girls*): I say, old chap, how did you get on at the deer-stalking?  
 HORACE: Oh, so so, old boy—you see, the silly asses forgot to bring the ferrets.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS, R.I.





STRANGE STORIES: CURIOUS THINGS FROM A BOOK OF 1769.

**But One Volume.** Just at the moment no newly published book seems to cry aloud for notice on this page. Let us turn, therefore, to one that is old. It is called "Anecdotes, Historical and Literary; or, A Miscellaneous Selection of Curious and Striking Passages, from Eminent Modern Authors." It was published in London in 1769. It belonged—this copy of ours—to "J. Hook, 1799." In his Preface, the Editor deplores the fact that there is but one volume instead of the two planned. "Some very particular occurrences having taken place," he writes, "I am obliged to desist from prosecuting my intentions." So are good things lost. The book as it stands is full of "meat," but who, having read it, would not have it supplemented? You may judge for yourselves: follow, some extracts.

**No Heaven for Woman!** In a work entitled "Les Controverses des Sexes Masculin et Feminin," our Editor tells us, Gratian du Pont, writing in 1537, "asserts that every man at the day of resurrection will be an entire body without the least deformity." He adds, "that if every part of the body was separated into fifteen hundred different places, they would all unite and become compleat. That Adam will regain the part from which Eve was formed, and that Eve must again become Adam's side, and lose the feminine character; and thus it will be," continues our author, "with all other persons; every man will be like Adam, and every woman like Eve;" and concludes with a positive assurance that woman will cease to be.

**Antipathies.** Then we have a page or two of antipathies: among them these: "A lady, a native of France, would faint on seeing boiled lobsters. Henry III. of France could never sit in a room with a cat. The philosopher Chrysippus had such an aversion to being revered, that if anyone saluted him he would fall down. . . . we find an account of a very brave officer, who never dared to look at a mouse, it would so terrify him, unless he had his sword in his hand."

**About Kissing.** After that "A Dissertation on Kissing." "By the example of kissing, we shall see the difference there was among the Romans and the other civilised nations of Europe. Even when they had no law against adultery in Rome, the kiss was never given in public. . . . The first relaxation of ancient discipline was, that a husband did not think he wounded his wife's chastity, by kissing her in presence of his friends. This custom appeared so singular for some time, that many writers have seriously endeavoured to find the origin. Pliny discovered it in the love which the Roman women had for wine; and he supposes that the husbands thought to discover if they had been drinking

it by kissing them on coming home. If this origin is true, Marcus Portius Cato was the author, as he advised husbands to employ this method to judge of the conduct of their wives."

**Fashion and Folly.** Then to Fashion. "In an Italian book printed a century ago, there is this *bon-mot* of a fool who went about the streets naked, carrying a piece of cloth upon his shoulders. He was asked by someone why he did not dress himself, since he had the materials. 'Because,' replied he, 'I wait to see in what manner the fashions will end. I do not like to use my cloth for a dress which in a little time will be of no use to me, on account of some new fashion.' . . . Who would believe that there has been an age in which the eyebrows growing together was admired and praised as a perfection in ladies? It is, however, a fact attested by Anacreon. . . . Ovid informs us that in his time

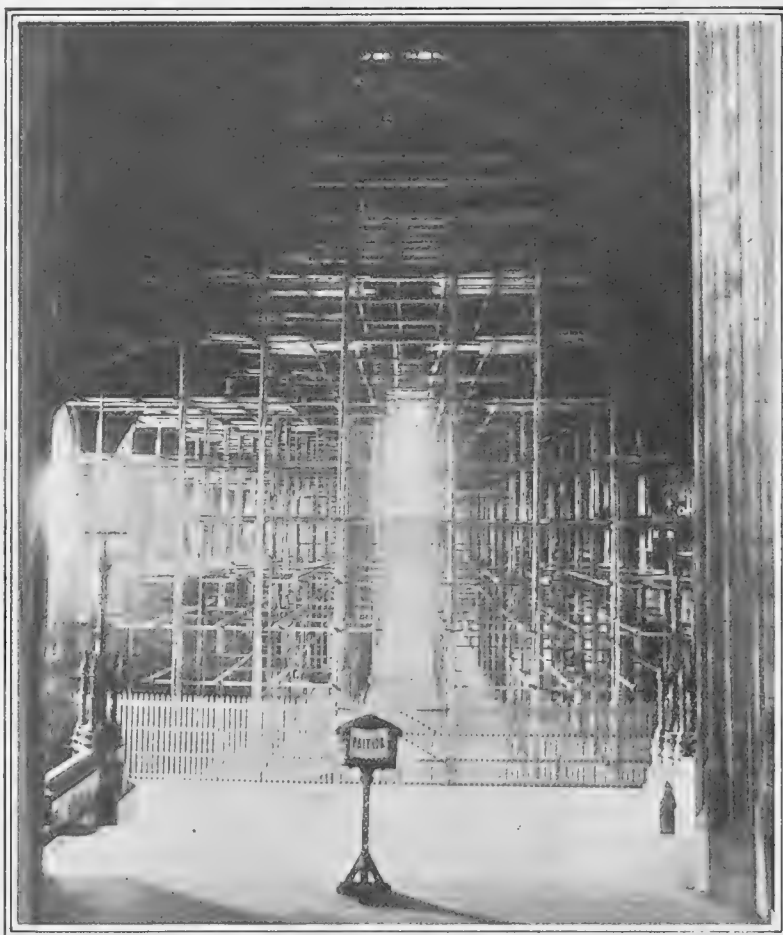
the ladies painted between their eyebrows, that they might appear to be united. . . . There was a time when it was fashionable for gentlemen to have thick legs. . . . To what height has not fashion carried its tyranny? There has been a period when it has influenced the health; it was not becoming to be healthy; it was considered as indicative of being a low, vulgar person. At another time the vapours were in vogue, and it was thought a mark of good breeding to have them excessively."

**Food-Notes.** And so to a paragraph with quite a Pepysian tag. "Writers differ in their opinions on what fruit it was that Adam, by the persuasion of his wife, ate in Paradise. Some say it was an apple; others, who are fond of sweet fruits, say it was a fig; while others, who are partial to acid, contend that it was a citron. Rabbi Solomon is of opinion that Moses concealed the real name of the fruit, fearful it would be detested by all the world, and that no one would ever taste it. With due submission to rabbinical opinions, I must differ from the learned Israelite, for it appears to me that if the fruit was known, more would be eaten of it than of any other." "With due submission" is good! And, once more, writing of eating: "Aglais, a dancer who lived two hundred years before the birth of Christ, would eat for her supper ten pounds of meat, with twelve loaves, and drink a large quantity of wine. Clio, another Grecian woman, challenged the men to eat and drink, and was never conquered. Theodoret gives an account of a Syrian woman who ate thirty pullets every day, but was never conquered. . . . The Emperor Claudius Albinus ate one day for breakfast five hundred figs,

one hundred peaches, ten melons, one hundred fig-peckers, forty oysters, and a large quantity of grapes. The Emperor Maximilian became so large in consequence of eating that his wife's bracelets served him as rings to his fingers."



NOISE-MAKING AS A SIGN OF REJOICING! THE SALUTING-BATTERY OF GAMMELSDORF, IN UPPER BAVARIA.



WHILE THE M.P.S ARE AWAY ON A PART OF THEIR VERY LENGTHY ANNUAL HOLIDAYS: WESTMINSTER HALL A MASS OF SCAFFOLDING DURING THE YEARLY CLEANING OF THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

Photograph by Sport and General.

THE INWARD MONITOR.



THE MISSIONARY: No, Sir; you're a wicked man: you've got three wives.

THE SAVAGE: Welly good man now. Only one wife. Eaten other two.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.





# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

## AS A BIRD IS CAUGHT IN A NET.

By MARIAN BOWER.

IT was early morning when Danilo from the town, as he was called, to distinguish him from another Danilo who was a fisherman, set out on his purpose.

The golden mist, that mist which seems never to have precisely the same tone of glowing red-tinted colour anywhere but in the island of Corfu, was still lying over the hills behind the town, was still sleeping over the sea, and from under it, in the bay, peeped forth the placid water, deeply, heavenly blue. As the young man went up the hill behind the town of white houses and flat roofs, where later, much later, was to arise a famous modern palace, the olive-trees were waving their soft green-grey leaves in the morning breeze, and the vines, growing up the steep rises, were but showing their first hint of leaf.

But the tall man, in the prime of his strength and his good looks, with the powerful arms, with the swinging stride, had no time for the beauty spread out before him. He was on his way to the top of the hill—he was on his way there for a purpose.

Danilo was a native of the island, born of mixed races, with the unsettled, roving instincts of his class and kind. He had been absent from Corfu for years; then, when the British occupation ceased and the island was handed over to Greece (the inhabitants were as dissatisfied with the change they themselves had voted for as they invariably were with any form of government), Danilo reappeared in his native city, and, as far as outward indications went, he passed his time loitering in the cafés, strolling in the cool of the evening, smoking innumerable cigarettes.

There had been but one episode that stood out from the rest in his round of idle days. Danilo had seen a woman, and he had loved her. She had appeared to him, and he had succumbed. She had carried him along as only men of his temperament can be swept off their feet, and then, as suddenly as she came, she left Corfu.

Danilo was still smarting from the pain of parting, though he meant it to be but temporary. This woman with the dark eyes, with the provoking smile, with the bewitching turn of her little head on the slender neck, had told him her home was in Athens. She had told him where to find her there, and as he walked along with a stride which took small account of the steep rise or the rough way, he was calculating that, his business finished before the sun rose to its height this day, his reward secured before the darkness passed into the dawn of a new day, he would take the first boat out of the harbour the very next morning.

He looked before him as he made and re-made these calculations. The mist was clearing, the sun was rising, and he wished to arrive at a certain hut, set on the crest of a rock which looked over a steep height into the bay, just after the man who dwelt there should have taken his flock of goats to browse on the wedges of green, on the tufts and bushes that grew among the mountains.

And once there, at that solitary hut overlooking the sea, with a single very ancient olive-tree growing up before the door. . . . His instructions were brief, but they were explicit.

A woman was known to have taken refuge in that poor hut, and he was to tell her that she had been condemned to death as a spy. She had been found out by a band who called themselves the "League of Patriots," a gathering of men who diversified a small leaning towards the old Republic of the Ionian Isles with much profit as smugglers. Danilo was one of the band—an active member of it—and now he had been chosen not only to do vengeance on this woman for learning the secrets, the plans of the group, and for selling them to the Greek authorities, but, before the condemned woman passed out of life, he was to discover what man among the confederation of conspirators had been weak enough, simple enough, to let himself be taken in by her, to be persuaded into talking by her.

Danilo had been visited by a brief wonder—why he, one of the younger men in the group, had been chosen to do vengeance; and then, since money at this particular juncture was of such prime importance to him, he had put the thought out of his mind, and he went along, never hesitating, never pausing, with not a thought of pity for his victim.

He mounted upwards, higher and higher. The day was growing, the sun was a ball of fire in a sky without a cloud. It was a day to sleep in, to lie at peace in—but surely not to die.

At length the poor little house came in sight. It was so slight a shelter that it would have been an impossible habitation in any less favoured land.

Danilo hastened his steps until he set his foot on the small plateau on which the hut was built. He hurried over the brown ground, with the coarse grass trodden down on it, he stopped before the rough door, he put his hand into his belt, he felt the knife under the folds, he laid firm hold of the handle, he arranged himself behind the gnarled, twisted trunk of the olive-tree, and then, in a loud, in a peremptory tone, he cried out to whoever might be within to come forth and show themselves.

He waited thus—one moment, two. The breeze was still blowing in from the sea; it turned back the long, narrow olive-leaves, sent them rustling and fluttering towards the big, powerful man.

Danilo called again, louder this time, impatiently even.

Then he bent his supple spine, he crouched almost as a tiger crouches when it is about to spring, he stiffened the muscles of his arm, he stood ready—ready to strike.

The harsh grating of a latch being pushed back came, in the stillness, in the fresh morning air, to him. Someone was coming out; someone was coming forth to answer him. He did not even ask himself what the doomed woman would be like—he only knew that she must be young, that she must have at least some pretensions to beauty.

Instead. . . . Danilo but looked, and his whole body relaxed. An old woman came towards him—a woman with sunken eyes, with toil-worn hands, with hair thrust back as the working women of the isle push it out of the way, a woman clad in the ragged, nondescript garments of those who toil in the fields.

The old woman came along slowly, but without hesitation; she approached Danilo, and instinctively he stepped back. She drove him, with never a word, with never a gesture, out from the shelter of the olive-tree, back over that sunswept, wind-swept strip of level ground, until he, until she, stood almost on the brow of the cliff where both of them could look over into the water below.

There, there followed a moment's pause. There the big man got himself in hand, turned round to assert himself.

"Mother," he demanded of her, and he used the word roughly, not endearingly, "who else have you in the house with you?"

The old woman stood before the tall man; she looked into his fierce eyes.

"What does it matter to you, Danilo, whether anyone is in my house or is not?" she returned.

The man fastened on his own name. "You know me?" he returned.

"I know your name," answered this old woman.

"Then——" burst out Danilo.

The old eyes lighted with a smile which was not mirthful, the old head went up on the lean neck.

"Danilo," answered this toilworn creature slowly, fearlessly, "I know who you are, by whose orders you came here, and why you are here."

The man who heard these daring words gasped.

"You say all this to me!" he cried out. "Are you not afraid to die?"

The old woman came up to him, she actually laid her hand on his arm.

"Look," she said to him, "look over the cliff. Do you not see the boat riding at anchor below, do you not see that a narrow path leads down from where we stand to the beach close by that boat? You have come sooner than we expected. In half an hour more, as soon as the tide and the wind serve, we should have been on board that boat, we should have been safe—we should have been on our way to Athens."

[Continued overleaf.]

SIC TRANSIT.



CINEMATOGRAPHER (to respectful stranger saluting the hearse): No need to remove yer 'at. It's a funeral fer the film.

DRAWN BY ABEL FAIVRE.



REGGIE: If Pa was to die, Ma, would he go to heaven?  
MA: Hush, hush, Reggie! Whoever has been putting such ridiculous thoughts into your head?

DRAWN BY A. BURTON.



WILLIE (with conscious pride): My farver done eighteen munfs.  
TIM: My farver wos 'anged.  
WILLIE (disdainfully): Ga-a-a-rn! Swanker!

DRAWN BY HEBBLETHWAITE.



"But," cried out Danilo, and his voice was exultant, "I am here before you expected me—I am here in time."

The old woman stepped back from the fierce outbreak; she folded her hands across her rough bodice.

"My son," she said, "you are a fine man, you are a strong man; but no man is stronger than destiny. Take my advice—take the advice of an old woman who has seen life through many years—go down the cliff quickly now, step into that boat, hoist the sail, and hurry out to sea."

Danilo heard, and for answer he laughed recklessly. He turned about, he returned to the olive-tree, set his firm hand on the twisted branch, and, grasping it, he called the old woman to him.

"Mother," he announced to her, "I am come on an errand. Let me finish it and be quick."

The old woman put herself between him and the rough door. He leaned forward to push her out of the way, and then, into the clearness, into the sunlight and the warmth, uprose a woman's voice.

The voice was singing a French song—a little gay trifle. Danilo did not catch the words—he would not have known the meaning of them if he had—but he heard the tones, the full, rippling, life-laden notes.

He pulled up short, stood listening. There followed a moment of song from within, a moment of waiting without. When all was silent again, the old woman asked her question.

"That is the bird you have come to silence," she said. "Now will you not go down the cliff and step into the boat?"

For a moment Danilo stood rigid. Neither his race nor his upbringing, nor any circumstance of his life disposed him to pity; but the man did not come from that corner of the world where beauty is a religion for nothing. The sin of murder troubled him not at all; the sin of wasting such a gift made him pause.

His hesitation lasted but a moment. He looked coldly at the old woman.

"No, mother," he retorted, and he spoke with a cruel smile; "you mistake your man. I confess I would rather have silenced a less sweet bird, but I am pledged; and, for the rest, if there is one nightingale, are there not two?"

The old woman stepped back, she stood between the big man and the door.

"Danilo," she said, "if you will not save yourself and let my bird go free, what will you take to sell it to me?"

"Nothing," Danilo was beginning—and then the old woman suddenly drew a coarse bag out of her worn bodice, and, by accident or by design, she let it fall, and the chink of coin sounded against a stone.

The cupidity flamed into Danilo's eyes; he put out an eager hand, and then, again mastering himself, he smiled disdainfully.

"What beggar's hoard have you there?" he demanded.

"The bag is heavy," returned the old woman composedly as she picked it up.

"With copper, I'll wager," Danilo threw back at her.

The old woman looked him full in the face. She gathered up the bag, she began to undo the knots in the string with which it was tied. Danilo watched her fumbling, grew impatient under it.

"Mother," he called out recklessly, "why should not my knife cut open the bag before it is used for—"

The big man never completed his sentence. The singing began again. It was another song this time. It was not light, not gay, it was an appeal, the appeal of a woman's heart to the love that awaited her. Danilo listened. He put up his right hand as if he would shut out the sound from his ears by blinding his eyes.

Then again the voice was still; then, in the place of the beautiful notes, came the chink of coins.

Danilo looked down; one by one this old woman was dropping gold pieces on to the dusty ground, and as they fell, two, three, four, the olive bowed its branches over them, and the sun, peeping through the lace-like leaves, threw shadows over the yellow gold, over the drab earth.

Danilo looked on, he watched. His eyes were on those coins, but his ears were waiting for another song.

It was that which made him pause; otherwise—and he knew it—he had but to throw out his arm and he could wrench the bag from the old woman, could push her aside, could force open that poor door, held but with an iron latch, and, entering the dimness.

But Danilo waited for the voice—waited until the four pieces grew into five, until the five became six. With the seventh held between her finger and her thumb, the old woman straightened herself.

"Pick up the gold which lies there," she said; "take it in your hand, and go down to the boat while you have yet time."

"No!" Danilo flung back at her.

Not a muscle of the old face moved, the eyes never blinked, neither did the yellowed lids fall over them. The old woman dropped that seventh coin on to the heap; she let it fall slowly, she listened to the ring it made.

"Now, Danilo, you who belong to the League of Patriots, you who will be judged by them without mercy, will you take the gold and go?" she cried out.

"No!" answered Danilo for the second time.

The old woman emptied three more golden pieces into her palm; she selected one—it was a new coin, it was maybe heavier than the others—she held it up and it shone yellow in the light; she showed it to the man before her, and then, as she bent down her hand as she unloosed her grasp, as the coin fell, spinning on to the others, the singing began yet once more.

Danilo listened, listened as only one of his hot blood could drink in the beauty, the richness of the sound. He waited, standing with his head thrown back, with his lips apart, with his eyes half veiled, while another appeal floated into the air, while this woman whom he had not seen, on whom he was bidden to execute vengeance, cried out to him for life, and for the joy that goes with youth and the things of youth.

When this song was ended, the big man shook himself. He thrust his hand down by his side, he clasped the handle of his knife, and as he waited thus, bracing himself, striving with himself, telling himself that the vengeance of the League never died, that its arm was long, and that he had no choice but to obey or go in fear every hour he should live, the old woman dropped the ninth coin on to the pile. This time the noise of its fall ceased to be alluring to Danilo, it maddened him. He folded his arms, he stood stiff. He would not look at the gold, he would not hear it as it fell, he would not remember that the wind was blowing in from the sea, that the boat was still lying at anchor at the foot of the cliff.

He suppressed a groan. He realised that he could not do as he wished, that something stronger than himself was at work within him, and that once more, at least, he must hear that voice.

He stood waiting. The thing that he had to do grew harder with each second's delay. The drops came out on his brow; they matted his dark, rippling hair in wisps against his temple. An olive-leaf, detached from its stem, drifted along in the wind, touching him as it floated past; and, light though the contact was, it made him start.

He looked to the hut, he looked at the closed door.

Would the woman within never begin to sing again, and if she did, what would be her message to him?

He bit his lip. He reminded himself that love was awaiting him in Athens, money was awaiting him in the cave by the shore. He had but to obey, and fortune and happiness were his.

Yet he stood stock still. The sun was higher, the heat was fiercer. Not a trace of the soft morning haze remained. Even the wind had fallen, and to the left, to the right of him, the up-standing spurs of rock began to glitter in the fierce light, while out at sea the blue water and the blue sky met and mingled on the horizon.

Suddenly Danilo stooped over the old woman, he swung back her hand, he put out his foot, and with a single stroke scattered the heap of golden coins.

"Mother," he ground out, "show me the face of the woman who sings."

The tired old creature with the lined face drew sharply aside. She leaned upon the trunk of the olive-tree, she held on to it with her toilworn hand.

She waited; Danilo waited. The sun still shone, the leaves of the olive-tree rustled in the air, whispered as they moved, sighed as they turned themselves to and fro.

Then Danilo caught in his breath; then the old woman cried aloud—a sudden, sharp, sobbing sound.

The door of the hut was flung open, it was swung widely back, and, standing with the two rough door-posts for a frame, with the gloom within for a background, appeared a woman—a young woman with great dark eyes, with a slender form, with a little head set on a delicate neck.

Danilo looked—looked but once. There followed a moment while he stood rigid as if he were carved in stone.

He had feared, he had guessed before the door was opened—the thought had come to him as he swept the gold aside; but now he knew—but now he realised.

He, Danilo, had been sent forth this morning to punish himself—he had been sent to take vengeance on the woman he loved.

The League had carefully planned their punishment. Somehow, they must have learned that the woman from Athens was a spy in the pay of the Greek Government—somehow they must have learned that Danilo was as wax in her hands.

The big man's arms fell to his sides. He knew he was caught—caught as much as a bird is trapped in a net. If he fulfilled the demands of the League, the blood of the woman he loved would be on his head; if he let her go, vengeance would pursue him, and ultimately it would come up with him.

Danilo stood without a word, the woman within the door stood without a word, the old woman by the tree stood as motionless.

Then Danilo stretched out his fine right arm. "Go," he said. He pointed to the sea, he pointed to the boat.

He turned away, he stepped over the strip of level ground, and then, with the sky blue above him, he flung himself face downwards, waiting, listening until another step—a woman's step—sounded on the dry earth alongside of him; and when he had heard it, it may be that Danilo expiated much of the evil he had done in his careless life, for cheerfully, willingly, he resigned himself to die.

THE END.



# ON THE LINKS

## THE AMERICAN OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP: THE COMPETITORS AND THE COURSE.

### Britain v. America.

All interest now is centred in the fight for the American Open Championship, which begins on the course of the Country Club at Brookline, near Boston, next week, and in which four British players—Harry Vardon, Edward Ray, Wilfrid Reid, and Mr. Abe Mitchell—are engaged, besides one or two Frenchmen. Hardly ever have the prospects and possibilities of any championship been so thoroughly discussed, and with such varying results, as in this case. When it was first announced that two of our foremost players would be candidates for the distinction of American Champion, everybody was saying that one of them would be sure to win. But after McDermott, the American Champion, did so well at Hoylake in the Open Championship this year, there was a change, and I know at least one champion of our own country who was emphatic in his opinion that on American soil this young player, with an average amount of luck, would be unbeatable. On the other hand, I received a letter lately from a high golfing authority in the United States who is very intimately conversant with the form of all the players, and knows the Brookline course better than anybody in the world, who said that the present and probable future state of that course would give the long drivers such an exceptional advantage (he put it that they would be "able to drive a hundred miles" on it!) that nobody else would have a chance; and he could not see how anybody was going to beat one of the British invaders. But at Hoylake we saw that McDermott, with his easy style, could drive a very long ball also. I am inclined to think that much depends on the kind of weather that prevails, and the extent to which Vardon and Ray find that conditions on the other side of the Atlantic are suiting them. If they can play their game at full strength, one of them should be able to win, but they will have very little to spare.

### A Change of System.

Hitherto the American event has had so comparatively few entrants that no qualifying competition has been needed, and the tournament has been carried through in two days, two rounds of stroke-play being done in each. This time, however, it is anticipated that the attraction of the affair being so enormously increased by the presence of the foreigners, every professional from all over the States will be there, and a qualifying test pretty much on the lines of that which we have will become necessary. However, even if that should prove to be the case, the number of qualifying places in each division will almost certainly be so large in comparison with what was the case at Hoylake that any such disasters to the leading competitors as happened there would be highly improbable. The

course is a very interesting one, and furnishes, under normal conditions, an excellent test. The lengths of the holes are as follows: First, 430 yards; second, 300; third, 435; fourth, 300; fifth, 420; sixth, 275; seventh, 185; eighth, 380; ninth, 520 (total distance out, 3245 yards); tenth, 140; eleventh, 390; twelfth, 415; thirteenth, 315; fourteenth, 470; fifteenth, 370; sixteenth, 125; seventeenth, 360; eighteenth, 405 (total distance in, 2990). Full length, 6235 yards. It is possible that for the championship a few yards may be added to the lengths of some of these holes, but the

changes will not be of material consequence. The seventh, tenth, and sixteenth are most excellent short holes, and the last of these three is one that has made a material difference to the prospects of more than one strongly fancied candidate for championship honours in the past. One of the very best holes on the course is the third. Here the drive is down a valley, and the ball must be very well placed, for there is a big hummock in front of the green, and if the tee-shot is not well directed, this hummock will give much trouble in the approaching. Another very fine hole is the ninth, where there is a plateau green very well guarded and tucked away in a pretty corner.

### A Romance of Construction.

A part of this course embraces a veritable romance of construction. The ninth, tenth, and eleventh are three beautiful holes, but four or five years ago they were not in existence. They were called for when it was realised that the crossing which was necessitated by the old arrangement had become very dangerous. New land had to be taken in to make them, and nearly £5000 was paid for a piece that was about the ugliest, dirtiest patch of rock and swamp that human eyes ever viewed. Mr. G. Herbert Windeler, the chairman of the Green Com-

mittee, set about a very formidable task in a heroic spirit. Hundreds of workmen were brought into service, and large orders were given for dynamite. Machinery of all kinds was brought up, and there was such a banging and a sawing and a dredging round about there for some time as never was. As much material was removed from the site of the ninth hole as was afterwards used to make a wall 200 yards long. One of the holes thus made was a short one, and the place allocated to it was in the middle of the swamp. Two thousand loads of broken rocks had to be dumped down to make a foundation for the green, and then soil to the depth of eighteen inches was laid on them. These operations cost £2600, and now there are not three fairer, nicer holes in America, beautiful and perfect in playing quality. The Country Club always emphasises the fact that it was the first country club in all America.

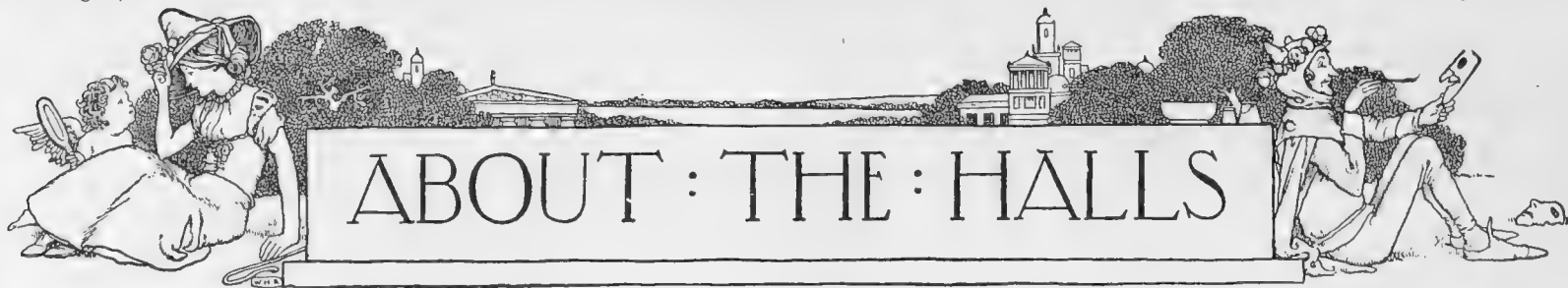
HENRY LEACH.



USE OUR HOLE-IN-ONE GOLF-BALL ATTACHMENT WITH THE CUT-THE-STRING-NEATLY DRIVER; AND MAKE COLONEL BOGEY FEEL LIKE A PRIVATE.

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.





"GABY": MISS LILIAN BRAITHWAITE: THE CABARET "STARS."

THE Palace Theatre has just succeeded in again declaring the comfortable dividend of twenty per cent., and is, consequently, entitled to congratulate itself. In view of the fierce competition on all sides, this is no mean achievement. The Palace is not a house which, like the boastful fountain-pen, fills itself. Its patrons cast a cold eye and turn a cold shoulder upon an ordinary variety entertainment, however good all round that entertainment may be. It demands something very special to attract it. Pavlova can fill it, and so can George Grossmith and Teddie Payne, and so, again, can Mlle. Gaby Deslys, who has returned to the scene of her former triumphs. Why this lady should prove so attractive it is not an easy matter to see, but perhaps the reason is that she keeps the audience on tenterhooks wondering where she will break out next. She never actually does anything particularly desperate, but there appears to be an off-chance that she may. Her new sketch has been put together for her by Mr. Dion Clayton Calthrop, and serves its purpose perfectly well. As in her last piece, she plays the part of a flighty young woman, continually dodging a man fiercely in love with her, in order to dance weird dances with Mr. Harry Pilcer. In this, "Gaby" is just the same as before. She sings in her not-much-improved broken English, dances wild and often unbecoming measures, wears weird and occasionally unbecoming dresses, and generally works "like a horse." She accomplishes nothing that can be called distinguished, and does none of these things better than many others could, but she "gets away with it" in undeniable fashion. She has a large company to help her, and included in it are Mr. Harry Pilcer (who throws his hair about as of old, and is invaluable in his backing-up

"The Odd Woman."

Miss Lilian Braithwaite, bringing with her what is described on the programme as a "West End Company," has been playing at the Palladium in a one-act piece by Charles Eddy entitled "The Odd Woman." I do not remember having seen this talented lady on the music-hall stage before, but she was certain to be seen where her presence and stage experience were bound to win her success. The little piece deals with a somewhat ancient situation. A young baronet is discovered making terms with a woman of mean origin and worse manners who claims to be his wife. It appears that he has lost sight of her for many years, and has, in the meantime, married a lady of gentle birth, and, to buy the virago's silence, he agrees to pay her a hundred pounds down and five pounds a week for life. Just as this arrangement has been completed, a rattling is heard at the locked door, and, the woman being hidden away, Wife Number Two enters, and finding a glove, curiously enough, on a sofa, she suspects. The two women are confronted, and the story is revealed; but the lady smells a rat. Why should Wife Number One sell her rights so cheaply? So she pretends to ring up the police on the telephone (which is really disconnected) with a view to criminal proceedings. This is too much for the other woman, who takes things lying down, and owns up to having had a husband already when she went through the form of marriage with Sir John. And so she departs crushed, leaving the triumphant Lady Duggan to tell us that all's fair in bigamy. There is nothing strikingly original about the plot, nor anything noticeably brilliant about the working out of it, but Miss Braithwaite finds it enables her to gain and hold the attention of the house, and she gets a hearty reception. The West End Company consists of Mr. James Lindsay and Miss Vivien Whittaker, who give Miss Braithwaite all the assistance she requires.



A CHIEF DANCER IN "JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN": MISS DELPHINE WYNDHAM, AT HIS MAJESTY'S.



PRACTISING THE TANGO, A FEATURE OF "SEALED ORDERS": MISS MYRTLE TANNEHILL (MRS. HALE HAMILTON) AND MR. ARTHUR COLLINS.

"Sealed Orders" is due for production at Drury Lane to-morrow (September 11). Miss Tannehill is playing Ruth Lepage.

of the lady's efforts) and Mr. Lewis Sydney, of Follies fame, who will be very funny indeed as the Waiter when he has had time to work up his part. "A la Carte" is likely to keep the Palace filled for some time.

From Vienna. We in humdrum old London, where everybody goes to bed so early, are continually being told of the all-night sittings in the cabarets of Berlin and Vienna, and there not unnaturally exists a sort of notion that the performances in these establishments must be of a very fine quality to have the power of keeping people up so late. A year or two ago we received a visit from one of the "stars" of that all-night world in the person of Miss Claire Waldoff, who, however, was a long way from causing a conflagration on the bosom of Father Thames. Now we are favoured by the presence of Fräulein Gertrude Rollfs and Herr Professor Anton Dressler, the latter a well-known Viennese composer of light music. This couple are giving at the Pavilion selections from their repertoire, and certainly are gifted performers. The lady is the possessor of an unusually willowy figure, which is dressed—or, perhaps more correctly, swathed—in some clinging black material, adding greatly to the effect of her almost colourless hair, which makes a fine foil to the gleaming cranium of the Professor. They sing a variety of songs both in German and English, and they sing them very well, the Professor accompanying the Fräulein and himself on the piano with much elaboration, prefacing each song by announcing, with grimly humorous diffidence, that the music is "unfortunately" of his own composition. The "turn" is interesting and artistic, but it would not keep me up all night.

ROVER.



# THE WHEEL AND THE WING

A GOOD GUINEA'S-WORTH: ROAD-SIGNS: PARAFFIN AND PEROXIDE: REAR-LIGHTS: PUNCTURE SEAL.

## By Leaps and Bounds.

It is, unfortunately, the habit and practice of certain motor journalists to decry the Royal Automobile Club and all its works, but it certainly would appear that such criticism has little or no effect upon the great body of the motor public. The wonderful and manifold advantages accruing from associate membership of the great Club appear to be appealing to motorists generally with greater force every day. At the General Committee Meeting, which was held on Thursday of last week, some eight hundred associates were up for election, and were elected. This must surely be regarded as a crushing reply to those critics who have sneered at the Road Guides, poked fun at the Get-You-Home Scheme, and giped at Free Legal Defence. I have always held that the advantages and privileges enjoyed by associate members for the meagre sum of one guinea per annum constitute the most wonderful money's-worth anywhere to be had in the motor world. An interesting feature of the list under review is the large number of candidates from the Colonies and abroad. Associates hail from Austria, Canada, Egypt, France, Burma, Assam, India, South Africa, Spain, and the United States.

## Deasy's Direction Posts.

Chaos most assuredly reigns in the matter of Sign and Direction Posts in this country; and in view of the rapid manner in which motor-travel over our roads is increasing year by year, it is imperative that some standardising scheme should be adopted without delay. The same difficulties which surround the administration of our roads environ the work of their proper sign-posting. But already steps are being taken to get things into better shape, for I have before me as I write the draft of a scheme submitted to the Third International Road Congress by that painstaking and persistent worker, Captain H. H. P. Deasy, whose Thibetan fame is still fresh in the public mind. All motorists, whether interested in this matter or not, should obtain and study a copy of this pamphlet, with a view of impressing its suggestions upon all the local road authorities with whom they may come in contact or with whom they may have any influence. If the whole of the roads were sign-posted and directed in consonance with this scheme, the roads of Great Britain would be much better and more comprehensively indicated than those of France.

## Peroxided Paraffin.

The *Motor* is responsible for a statement in connection with a new fuel discovery, or, if "discovery" is not quite the right word, then a method of treating paraffin, which makes it available for use as a fuel with automobile engines and standard carburettors. The invention emanates from Mr. George Shelden, who was at one time presumed to own an all-devouring patent in America, which covered a motor-car fore and aft and from top to toe. Luckily for the American industry, such a wholesale claim could not be sustained, even in the United States; but if

Mr. Shelden's discovery turns out trumps, no one, I am sure, will grudge him all the money he can make out of it. This gentleman has found that by treating paraffin with peroxide of hydrogen, in manner not disclosed, the decomposition of the peroxide by the heat of combustion results in the evolution of large quantities of oxygen, which brings about perfect combustion of the paraffin in the cylinders. I am not chemist enough to follow the phases of the chemical change, as I have hitherto regarded peroxide only as an agent for gilding the locks of the fair.



BEATING THE BIRDS AT THEIR OWN GAME: M. PÉGOUD IN HIS MONOPLANE FLYING UPSIDE DOWN.

Photograph by Transpus.

## Things Better in France.

In the matter of the motor traffic regulation of Paris, France has not had to wait for the Report of a Traffic Committee and the adoption of its suggestions. If they do not do things better in France, they do them with greater dispatch, and we might well follow their example in this country. The new Chief of Police has got to work without delay. No longer are motor-cars alone to be constrained to carry a rear red light because no other traffic can overtake them. The French Commissioner has issued an order that all vehicles without exception shall carry a red light visible from the rear, both in Paris and in the Seine Department. Also a regulation has been imposed that single-note horns only shall be used on motor-cars within the city, while bicycles are restricted to bells. Bugle-horns and the agitating Klaxon may only be used on the country roads. It is well that instruments affording a real carrying note have not been forbidden on the open road in France, for nowhere in Europe are found sleeper carters. When, oh, when, will London copy Paris?

## Punctures Defied.

The name of materials to be introduced into inner-tubes has been legion, and most, if not all of them, after much flourishing of trumpets, have been heard of no more. But from the particulars of an R.A.C. certificate to hand, there appears to be one which is likely to hold its own and to prove, like the Waverley pen, a boon and a blessing. This is Puncture Seal—a comforting designation, surely—and it is put upon the market by Messrs. Puncture Seal, Ltd., of The Motor House, Eden Street, Euston Road, N.W. The substance is said to consist of a black, viscous material having the appearance of semi-solid rubber. It is injected through the valves of the tyres by means of a steam-jacketed force-pump, and it is then distributed throughout the tube with a roller. The treatment took 16½ minutes for each tube. After running the tyres 22 miles they were punctured each by twelve 3 mm. by 50 mm. wire nails, which were left in buried to the head. The nails were distributed all round the circumference of the tread. The car was then driven 26 miles and left to stand overnight, and more punctures were made next day, and other most severe tests imposed. The loss of pressure at the end of the trials was insignificant.



PREPARED TO FLY UPSIDE DOWN: M. PÉGOUD STRAPPED INTO HIS SEAT IN READINESS FOR HIS INVERTED FLIGHT.

The marvellous feats of M. Adolphe Pégoud, the daring French airman, have eclipsed all that has hitherto been done in the way of sensational flights. After successfully descending from an aeroplane by a parachute, he, a week or two later, performed a still more wonderful manoeuvre at Juvisy. Flying a Blériot monoplane specially adapted for the purpose, he turned it upside down in the air at a great height, and actually flew in that position, head downwards, for some 15 seconds, covering about 400 yards; then he righted the machine and descended safely. The only discomfort he felt while upside down was that the petrol dripped from the air-hole of the tank on to his face. M. Pégoud repeated the performance on September 2 at Buc.—[Photograph by Kol.]





THE Earl of Carrick, who is mentioned as the latest capture of the Halls, has long established his talent among his friends. In Dublin both he and his wife (then known as Lord and Lady Ikerrin) managed to make the best of things; for several years, that is to say, they made the social round as amusing as it possibly could be in the distressful city. The Dublin atmosphere is all against the man of ideas in the matter of entertainment; but Lord Carrick has a way of carrying through his good works for the enlivening of his fellows, and it is probable that he will succeed in the more ample air of "Variety."

*The Honourable Gods.*

Lord Carrick's name has been made to serve its turn in all the preliminary announcements of the production of "A Point of Honour."

The "management" does not let his Earldom slip through its fingers unobserved, although his acting is good enough to need no coronet. Engagement or no engagement, he is an actor, but on this occasion he will devote his salary to charity. Not always, as in this case, do we know how honourable are the performers who amuse us. When, for instance, Mr. Pelissier used to have gallery, it was



ENGAGED TO MR. D. I. MENZIES-CONACHER: MISS F. M. G. PINKNEY.

Miss Pinkney is the second daughter of Mr. William Guy Pinkney, of Bexley, Kent. Mr. Menzies-Conacher is the eldest son of Mr. P. Menzies-Conacher, of Markle, Haddingtonshire, Scotland.

*Photograph by Langfier.*

words with confederates in the easily realised that they were actors chosen for their rough humour. But probably few people knew that one of these—a man with a villainous Cockney accent—was the Hon. Maurice Baring, trying to find a more amusing way of spending an evening than by mutely sitting in the stalls.

*The Monk of Malmesbury.*

Heron Court, where Lord and Lady Malmesbury have been entertaining the librarians, is a place most fit for a garden-party. With its labyrinth of old flower-beds and paths, it is specially beautiful at the mellow end of summer. If, however, mellowness means rain, there are many things of interest in the house, including the old writing-desk with a drawer that nobody has ever been able to open, the secret of the spring having been lost. Needless to say, the loss of the secret constitutes the chief value of that writing-desk; but Lord Malmesbury is always running the risk of it being found again—if, indeed, it is not already found: his guests may all try their luck at solving the problem. Older than



YOUNGEST CHILD OF THE FUTURE KING AUGUSTUS AND QUEEN AUGUSTA: PRINCESS KATHERINE, DAUGHTER OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF GREECE—BORN ON MAY 4.

It is said that when he is crowned, the King of Greece will assume the title of King Augustus, the Queen being styled Queen Augusta.



HOSTESS OF THE KING AND QUEEN AT ALTHORP PARK: LADY ADELAIDE (DELIA) SPENCER.

Lady Adelaide is the eldest of Lord Spencer's daughters, and was born in 1889.—*Photograph by Illingworth.*

it really seemed as if he had been longing for the pleasure, as if he had never lunched or been lunched before. His physique, he would argue, makes it doubly hard for him to convince his hosts that he goes in need of their benevolence. "You can't get round me," he once said to hecklers at a public meeting, and accompanied the words with an expansive sweep of the arm round his waist-line; but his good-humour makes it easy to get round him in the matter of invitations.



ENGAGED TO MR. GUY STEVENS: MISS A. STORRY.

Miss Storry is the only daughter of the late Mr. F. W. Storry, of Stroud, Gloucester, and of Mrs. Storry, of Weston-super-Mare, and granddaughter of the late Canon Scott, of Sleaford, Leicestershire. Mr. Stevens is the elder son of the Rev. M. O. Stevens, of Weston-super-Mare.

*Photograph by Langfier.*



HOST OF THE KING AND QUEEN DURING MANOEUVRE MONTH: EARL SPENCER.

Lord Spencer has "retired" from active Society life for a couple of years or so now, since his illness, which was the cause of his resignation of the Lord Chamberlainship. He held that post for seven years, during which period, of course, he was, *ex officio*, President of the Advisory Board for the Censorship of Plays.

*Photograph by Lafayette.*

those of Heron Court are many of the associations of Malmesbury itself. It was Oliver of Malmesbury, a monk and astrologer, who sought to be the first English aviator. He fastened wings to his hands and feet, jumped from one of the Abbey towers, and broke his legs.

*Getting Round Sir George.*

Sir George Reid is a man of genius: at a luncheon given in his honour, he is able to convince everybody that, in lunching, he has reached the height of his ambition. When, the other day, he accepted the invitation of the London Press to feed at the Trocadero, to make a speech, and to listen to others,

*Suggestive.*

Cabinet Ministers cannot hope to make holiday without also making history. A crop of anecdotes of their encounters with Suffragettes in the highways and byways is inevitable. But no new story that has yet reached town is quite so amusing as the one purporting to recount an experience that befell the Chancellor of the Exchequer in the spring. He was travelling through Wales in an empty railway carriage, and rejoicing in his solitude, when, at a wayside station, a minister of the Welsh Church entered the compartment and put down a number of small parcels on the seat beside him. Mr. Lloyd George got well behind his *Times*, and, to his relief, thought he was not recognised. But, not so! Directly they entered a tunnel, the clergyman lit a match, and before that was out, lit another, and so on, until they were in daylight again. "Subtle, but severe," says the Chancellor in telling the story. There are ways of conveying one's opinion which are more eloquent than words.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

**Home Again.**

The contrast as one sails from mediæval St. Malo to strenuous Southampton is a curiously suggestive one. You leave a small walled town with frowning ramparts and deep-embrasured gateways, with delicious Louis XIII. houses as a "modern" note—which houses have the appearance of forming the stage setting to a seventeenth-century French opera; you leave an outer boulevard with umbrageous trees, and inside the walls a hundred cafés, with music in the open air and folks consuming bocks and syrups—and you find yourself, in the morning, pushing up majestic Southampton Water, with white sea-gulls screaming round the giant "liners" of the Atlantic and Cape routes, and hovering over those white-painted troop-ships which convey the flower of our youth to the Immemorial East. The waters here are studded with brave craft, and high adventure is in the air. For all that, there is none of the grime of Liverpool or Cardiff, and Southampton keeps its festive aspect of being a Port of Pleasure, in spite of all its enormous passenger traffic. It is a somewhat depressing business to embark on a Transatlantic liner at Liverpool. At Southampton the voyage appears more like a joke—a short yachting trip to that amazing world which is to be discovered three thousand miles off. And it is difficult to be in Southampton without experiencing that yearning Kipling speaks of, and which seizes so many of us islanders when we see the tall masts, the intricate rigging, and the imposing funnels of a big ship—the yearning to sail away to the *other side* of the round world.

**Strange Sights in Shanghai.**

It is a singular thought that we know so little, really, of what is going on among our own people on the other side of the world. These monster ships call up visions of Bombay, Cape Town, Singapore, Hong-Kong. What strange and sinister things are happening in China which might turn, at any moment, into a disaster like that of Pekin in 1900. In Shanghai, for instance, the Foreign Settlement has undergone an alarming experience, for Government and Rebels were fighting over their heads, and bombs and shells fell into their quiet gardens. A young relative, who obviously enjoys the "fun," writes: "It was really extraordinary, the night before last, to sit on the roof of the Palace Hotel after dinner and enjoy a scene quite unique. The big roof-garden was thronged with tourists and residents, gaily chatting and drinking, while the air thrummed with the noise of shot. The Arsenal was the object of the firing, but as the South do not possess a single trained gunner, we soon had the unpleasant experience of *seeing* shells come whizzing overhead, and we naturally bolted indoors. After a while they seemed to have got their range better, and we once more came out to watch matters. It was like sitting in a box, say, at Earl's Court or the White City—the river full of European war-ships with search-lights in full play, the native city with several conflagrations going at once, the glare of the big shots as they were fired, and the shells which sailed through the air like meteors. . . ." It appears these war-ships do not

"act" because the Senior Admiral is a Japanese, and meantime Shanghai defends itself with a handful of volunteers. Who shall say that Romance and Adventure are dead?

**Restless September.**

You may get back to your home when September comes, but the modern wandering person does not stay there. This first month of autumn is the most restless one of all the year. In August the lucky ones will probably be fixed up for a month's *villégiature*; they will be enjoying their sea-bathing in France, their mountain-climbing in Switzerland, their annual "cure" in Bohemia, or their shooting in Scotland; but comes the "First," and they will all be on the move again. When darkness comes at seven, the English country-house has allurements which bare, pitch-pine hotels cannot offer, and the amenities of civilisation begin to appeal to one with irresistible force. Besides, the weeks which precede October are often, in England, the most beautiful and serene of the year. Nowhere—except in America and Canada—do trees assume such amazing tints as in autumnal Britain. North and south, east and west are alike in this, so that we are tempted to run hither and thither, knowing that we shall probably enjoy settled weather and the last of the summer in dozens of places. Yet the inveterate Londoner will often be found in close touch with his beloved town just now. Are not all the theatres opening with new and alluring plays; will not the glories of Spanish art be soon on view in Grafton Street; and is not a little dinner at a restaurant with three or four picked people just the entertainment for an autumn evening?

**The Woes of the 'Varsity Girl.**

The college girl is at last voicing her woes. To what end, she asks, does she beat her masculine contemporaries in the Tripos at Cambridge, or come out with dazzling "Honours" at Oxford, when neither University recognises her officially; and when there are practically only two careers—teaching and medicine—open to her talent? Not everyone is fitted to be a pedagogue or a doctor, yet what other profession is open to an educated woman? It must be a singularly disappointing experience to come out brilliantly on top at your 'Varsity, and then to find that your painfully acquired knowledge and culture is practically useless. As a matter of fact, most feminine occupations are blind alleys which lead nowhere—certainly not to fame or fortune, or even a modest pension. Many alert and capable young women, for instance, become private secretaries to Members of Parliament or to big financiers; but these posts do not lead, as they might in the case of their brothers, to a Parliamentary career or a seat on the Board of Directors. At forty, these ladies will find themselves superseded by younger women, and they will search in vain for a new opening for their accomplishments. If we are going to continue to develop the feminine intellect and to educate girls like men, we must throw open the learned professions to them, and discontinue to make a close masculine ring in the world of newspapers.



FOR SUMMERY SEPTEMBER: PARISIAN DESIGNS  
FOR OUTDOOR COSTUMES.

The left-hand figure is wearing a flounced tulle dress. The figure on the right has a mantle of blue moiré, or watered silk.



## CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

*The Next Settlement begins on Sept. 25.*

## JAPANESE FINANCE.

THE official annual return of the Japanese Government's finances has just come to hand, but does not reveal any very startling change of policy. The determination to effect financial retrenchment is emphasised, but there has not been time to draft a new Budget, so the same end is to be achieved by means of postponing new works and curtailing expenditure wherever possible. Next year we are promised reform in grim earnest. Meanwhile, the Japanese are to get some relief from taxation, for which they will be truly thankful, no doubt.

It is certainly satisfactory to learn that it is proposed to reduce the issue of Treasury Bills from 100,000,000 to 50,000,000 yen. It is the enormous increase in Japan's floating debt which is largely responsible for the uneasiness which has been felt of late in London and elsewhere. During the last seven years the country's total debt has increased from £224,000,000 to £257,000,000, which is not excessive; but during the same period there has been an increase of over £13,000,000 in the floating debt. The country is taxed up to the hilt, and has to export about £9,000,000 a year in gold for debt services. That is the real reason of the increase in the floating debt, and that is the reason why it is so difficult for her to stop borrowing.

We have no doubt that the Japanese Government are really desirous of improving their financial position, if only because they realise the expediency; but the question is whether they will be able to do so. More than once we have had promises, but their fulfilment we have yet to see.

## PREMIER OIL AND PIPE.

The long-awaited Circular was issued by this Company last week, but we fear it can have brought but cold comfort to the shareholders, and, unfortunately, even now the information is incomplete.

The output of 260,200 tons of oil, although not up to estimate, is pretty good, but the net profit of £358,000 is disappointing. Oil has been selling at a fabulous figure, and yet the net profit is less than 30s. a ton. What would the results have been if oil had been at a normal price?

The directors have come to the conclusion that the financial position needs strengthening. They are about the last people to discover the fact.

No final dividend is to be paid, but £25,800 has already been written off for depreciation (a small enough amount, in all conscience), £27,000 is carried forward, and £112,900 is to be utilised in connection with new drilling operations, making further provision for depreciation, and London expenses.

The actual results of the year's business, however, will be even worse than this, because there has been a loss in connection with the operation of the pipe lines in which this Company is interested. What the loss is likely to be we are not told, and the only explanation afforded is "the unfavourable condition of the piping and storage business in Galicia." The profit from this department of the business was estimated at £60,800.

The shares have fallen to about 10s., and we fear many small investors throughout the country bought them at very much higher prices. We cannot hold out any great hopes of a recovery; in fact, everything points to an even lower quotation when the successful bears have "covered in." We should be very sorry to hold the shares at all.

## JUMBLES.

The Cuban Government have now issued a long statement of their side of the Cuban Ports affair, and announcing their intention to annul the Company's charter. Apparently, the Bondholders' interests will receive proper attention, but even this is not quite certain. The holders of the Common stock, which was issued to the vendors, and sold by them, are in a very unfortunate position. As far as we can see, the promoters cut a very poor appearance, and it seems a pity that the committee appointed to treat with the Cuban Government was not entirely independent of Messrs. Sperlings and Kleinworts. No one should continue to hold this stock.

The outlook for Egyptian securities has been much improved by the rise in the price of cotton during the last few days, caused by the reports of bad weather in the United States cotton belt. Egypt's prosperity is bound up with cotton-growing, and if, in addition to the good crop which is now assured, prices are to remain at anything over 19½ dollars per cantar, the whole country should be in for a good time. This market has been stagnant for a long while, but we should not be at all surprised to see a considerable improvement within the next few months.

Exit Sopha!

If the owner of a racehorse communicated the result of a very favourable trial to the Press and public and then laid heavily against

that horse winning the Cambridgeshire, what would the Stewards of the Jockey Club say if it came in last?

Grand Trunk stocks have all been a better market of late, and we think the Chairman's visit to Canada has had a good deal of influence. We understand that the relations between the Government and the Company have been greatly improved thereby, and this will facilitate considerably whatever financing may be necessary during the next year or two.

There has been no improvement whatever in the Mexican rate of exchange since our last reference a week or two ago. The question is of far more than academic interest, as we fear holders of Mexican securities will discover unless there is an improvement before long.

The following from "The Rubaiyat of Omar Konigram," by Colin FitzGerald, is too good to be missed. Dealing with a possible retirement from politics—

There doomed to loaf all day beneath the bough!  
No chance to whine, no Lords to curse—oh, how  
Can Man Lloyd George in the Wilderness?  
Or e'en pick up a Tip worth, say, a Thou?

Copper has been good again, and, with a fair amount of business passing, the price certainly looks like going even better. In the Stock Markets, accordingly, Tintos and other favourites have been in strong request. Mount Elliotts, on the other hand, have been an exception, and have been heavily sold from abroad. We have repeatedly expressed our opinion that these shares should be sold, and we still think the same.

Saturday, Sept. 6, 1913.

## FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

*Correspondents must observe the following rules—*

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

*Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.*

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. M. S.—The S. L. Company seems to be gradually improving its position again, and we are inclined to think the worst is over, so we should hold. The others you mention are all right.

CALENDULA.—We are very sorry, but you must admit the present fierce competition could hardly have been foreseen. You have such a heavy loss that it would, perhaps, be better to hold on in the hopes of some agreement being reached.

G. W. (Shoeburyness).—You can hold them all, except No. 2, which should be sold for what they will fetch.

J. K. G.—If you will send particulars of the Companies in which you are interested, we will give you an opinion next week.

E. C., J. C. G., T. C.—We have answered you through the post.

E. F. G. (Croydon).—The Railway is very short of money, and has increased its prior charges very much of late. We consider the Income Debentures too speculative to advise.

J. H. S. (St. Leonards).—The position is not satisfactory. The shares carry a heavy liability, and there is quite a possibility that a call will be made. Therefore, we think you would be wise to sell.

FLUTTER.—There is very little life in any mining shares, but the share you mention has very fair prospects. The Report should be available next month. Life very uncertain.

INSURANCE.—Thanks for letter. We have not been able to complete our inquiries, but will reply next week. We should hardly advise the exchange of Oil shares.

KILFOS.—We think you can hold all the shares you mention, but your friend is not so happily placed. Unless his shares show a very heavy loss, we should advise a sale.

B. R. S.—The Insurance Company is first class. The Preference shares you mention are not a very desirable holding, but the loss is so heavy that it might be better to hold for some recovery. The convertible Debentures you can hold. The other Debentures are excellent.

S. O. M. T.—We know of no special reason, and do not regard the decreases as being a very serious matter.

BOLEY.—(1) Sell. (2) Wait for a good day and then do the same.

A. E. O. S.—We understand negotiations are in progress for the absorption of the Company you mention by a larger concern. If these are successful, a purchase at present price would probably be profitable, but otherwise we see no special attraction in the shares.

## THE WOMAN OUT OF TOWN

### Our Worst Enemies

Are those of our own sex. All decent-minded women execrate and abhor the behaviour of the fanatical few—after all, they are only a few—who behave like maniacs in order to keep their names notorious. Whatever may be thought of Mr. Asquith—and I, being an Ulster woman, am unlikely to err on the side of thinking too well of him—he has worked extraordinarily hard, he requires rest, fresh air, and exercise, and he occupies the position of head of our Government. That he should be assaulted, pulled about, and hustled on the golf links at Lossiemouth is a disgrace to our sex, since two members of it were guilty of this undignified, silly, idiotic assault. Women who deprecate the actions of these neurotic and hysterical few should on every possible opportunity let them see it. Militant Suffragists, male and female, prove themselves quite unfit to be considered sane, law-abiding citizens, and should be subjected to what was once a terror in Ireland—the boycott. A hostess who excused herself for asking two of them to a garden-party because “you never knew what they would do next, and it gave the assemblage such a thrill,” would have been much aggrieved had her house been burnt down—a pleasant little attention which our worst enemies are not at all above paying to other women as well as to men. Being unsexed fanatics, they regard nothing but their own hysterical hunt for notoriety.

### Real Sport of the Future.

What is really sport nowadays is a hard question to answer. A talk with an old sportsman set us thinking and talking about this the other day. He was moping in his lodge day after day, while his guests shot and fished and played golf and made plans for the coming stalking—the deer are very nearly ready now. A rifle had been bought for him that, because of his failing sight, is practically automatically unerring, but his sporting instinct will not allow him to use it. Then we suggested that all stalkers used unerring rifles. As to driving grouse, he said, it was trick-shooting, not sport. Angling did give the fish a fair chance, he allowed; but yachting was nowadays a mere rivalry of machines. Nothing now appealed to him as sport as he knew it in his prime. I suppose it must always be so as the world progresses. In the days to come, grouse-shooting will be done,



TO MARRY MISS VIOLET CONSTANCE TYLDEN: MR. ERIC R. CRUNDALL.

Mr. Eric Crundall is the second son of Sir William and Lady Crundall, of Woodside, Kearsney, Dover. His father has been thirteen times Mayor of Dover, and is Chairman of the Dover Harbour Board. Miss Tylden is the only daughter of Brigadier-General and Mrs. Tylden, of Brockhill, Hythe, Kent. Her father served in South Africa.

Photograph by Lambert Weston and Son.

doubtless, from aeroplanes, hydro-planing will give a fresh impetus to angling; stalking will also be done more easily from above than below. Motor-polo has been tried without success, and, so far, an aerial Derby has not been found so thrilling as a terrestrial one. It is, however, a mere matter of time to lift our sport from earth to air. One of our guns, discussing the matter, said he supposed the tops of Snowdon, Scafell, Erri-gal, Cairngorm, and other giants of the United Kingdom would be popular luncheon-pitches in the days to be!

### Which Loves Him Best?

Another elevating subject of conversation was the feelings of airmen's

chiffon the same shades as the foulard, which was opalescent. She has seen a five-frilled skirt of pale-blue batiste, each frill edged with a quilting of real lace, and above it a swallow-tail coat of pale blue chiffon over a blouse all real lace, and she cordially approved both confections. She cares not at all now for the slim, long line which occasioned a friend of hers, who did not at first see her in a room, to accuse her of having hidden behind a hat-pin! She begins to pine for the more elaborate, more dainty, and more feminine style. She says some of her friends say men love the present vogue; but she says, “Bless them, they always love the present vogue, if it is properly presented.”



ENGAGED: MISS CAROLINE WILSON AND MAJOR ALFRED BETHELL.

Miss Caroline Patience Nangle Wilson is the eldest daughter of the late Mr. William Edward Wilson, D.Sc., F.R.S., of Daramona, Street, Westmeath. Major Alfred Bryan Bethell, of the Royal Field Artillery, is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Bethell, of Claremont, Fleet, Hants.—[Photographs by Swaine.]

wives. One we knew just stopped her game of golf to say “ta-ta” to her husband as he went off to make a cruise aloft in a machine which was, she said, about as perishable as her best hat. Another told us that she tried to think that all professions were risky, and she comforted herself when her husband was flying that, if he were fighting down below, he would be still more likely to be killed: her feeling about it appeared to be about half-way between fatalism and faith. Another woman, whose husband has been in two accidents and escaped with slight injury, says that she suffers his death every time he goes up.

**Looking Forward.** The autumn season in London will assuredly not begin before October this year. The King and Queen will not go south until Oct. 10 or 11. Many of the great people are only now arriving in the Highlands, not thinking the grouse-shooting worth beginning earlier, and really looking forward to the stalking. Nowadays country houses are so often accessible from town by motor-car that, in a way, they are part of the autumn town season. It is no unusual thing for a shooting host and hostess to bring two or three cars full of guests up to town for a restaurant dinner and play, stay the night, and motor back on Sunday.

**Frills and Furbelows.** A friend who lives to dress informs me after a tour of the smart French seaside resorts that a great effort is being made to revive frills and furbelows. She has seen a three-flounced foulard dress, worn with a bolero of real lace frilled with shot



WIFE OF THIS YEAR'S PRESIDENT OF THE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION: THE COUNTESS OF MALMESBURY AND HER CHILDREN.

The Earl of Malmesbury presided last week at the meeting of the Library Association at Bournemouth, and gave an interesting and amusing address. Lady Malmesbury, whom he married in 1905, was formerly the Lion. Dorothy Gough-Calthorpe, and is a daughter of the sixth Baron Calthorpe. Her son, Viscount FitzHarris, was born on November 18, 1907, and her daughter, Lady Elizabeth Harris, in 1906.—[Photo. by Hughes and Mullins.]



A FAMOUS BRITISH ADMIRAL AT THE GERMAN ASCOT: SIR HEDWORTH MEUX WITH MME. DE MUMM AT BADEN - BADEN.

The Baden-Baden race meeting, known as the German Ascot, is a very fashionable affair, attracting people not only from Berlin, but from London, Paris, and Vienna. Mme. de Mumm's husband had many horses running. Sir Hedworth Meux (formerly Sir Hedworth Lambton) commanded the Naval Brigade at Ladysmith. In 1910 he married Viscountess Chelsea, and in 1911 he assumed the name of Meux.—[Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.]



## NOTES FROM THE MOORS.

SINCE I wrote last Nature has listened to the despairing cry of the fishermen, and three days of more or less steady rain have done something to well the rivers and revive the torrents that pour down from the steep hillside into the loch. But, unfortunately, Nature has been in two minds. She has sent enough rain to make the moors unpleasant and the birds wild, and yet there has not been enough to bring the sea-trout up into the loch or raise the water to a proper level. Shooting is made more difficult, but the fisherman casts his fly in vain; he must wait until there is rain in plenty, while in his rôle of shooting-man he must wait till the clouds roll by—and the midges and mosquitoes come out on business again. This is not a really well-managed world; the haphazard distribution of rain and sunshine in the past six months has played havoc with sport. When the birds won't lie to the dogs and the fish won't rise to the fly, and the season of holiday-making draws inexorably to its close, weeping and wailing and the gnashing of teeth would be quite appropriate if only they had any beneficial effect. As things are, philosophy is the only aid, and though lochs and moors may be good rearing-ground for philosophers, I have met but few in the past three weeks. I think the Clerk of the Weather is more unpopular than the Chancellor of the Exchequer just now.

On the high hills where driving is not practised the need for pointers is perennial, and as the great majority of those who rent shooting do not keep sporting dogs, the custom of breeding them for hire seems to be as popular as it is profitable. The general charge is £8 per dog per season, and at this price there is ample return for the labour; while, as far as I have been able to gather from chats with men who have been shooting in different parts where they "dog" the birds, the demand for pointers is at least as great as the supply. It is, of course, no small part of the pleasure of a day's sport to see good pointers at work; their sagacity and intelligence are a constant delight; and without them, on ground that cannot be driven, it would be well-nigh impossible to get birds save by accident. In the hands of a clever man, there must be quite a good business to be done in pointer-rearing and training, for it happens, not infrequently, that those who hire the dogs wish to possess them, and will pay a good price—far higher than they would pay for any dog with which they had no close acquaintance. In unskilled hands, a pointer may easily lose part of its quality, but is safe to be kept and either relegated to less exacting tasks or sent back to be

re-trained. In either case, the business of the pointer-breeder is encouraged.

Now is the time when the relative worth of fresh and "high" birds is being canvassed energetically. There are simple souls who will eat to-morrow the bird that was shot to-day. There are others, more sophisticated, who prefer their birds to be hung until they are tender. But there are some who cannot rejoice in a bird unless it is, figuratively speaking, higher in death than it was in life. Only when it cries aloud for decent burial will they permit it to enter the kitchen. I was with a friend the other day who was superintending the erection of an outside larder in which the grouse and black-game might hang until they were sufficiently ripe for his rather advanced palate. He was so pleased with the larder, which was going to be placed in a shed which was quite cool in any weather, that I said the new erection would be incomplete without a motto. Thereupon he asked me to suggest one, and I gave him "Altiora peto." The truth of the case for game lies, probably, between the two extremes. Game that is too fresh is tasteless, and game that is not fresh enough is too tasty for most palates. The only thing I have seen that can eat putrid meat with genuine enjoyment and no ill-effects is my pet raven.

There is one feature about life in the Highlands that must always rebuke the Southerner who fancies he is anything of an athlete: it is the extraordinary muscular development of the Highlanders, men and women alike. The hills we struggle up manfully but with difficulty have no existence for them. The keeper or gillie will give you a start of two parts of the way and be at the top almost as soon as you are; of fatigue he will show no consciousness—it is for him an undiscovered sensation. He seems to go best when carrying a heavy load, and I am convinced that he prefers a very full game-bag to a light one. I remember such a man saying, "That's good!" in a tone of genuine delight when he discovered that four blue hares had been shot on a hill-top at the farthest end of the day's beat. His bag was fairly heavy then, and the four hares would have added more than twenty pounds to it. Yet on the way down, when the angle of descent was perilously acute, he would call attention to rabbits and expect them to be shot, though by now the burden he had to bear would have made Christian's pack seem but a light load by comparison. And when the long tramp was over and he was able to get rid of the bag, he went off, quite unasked, to explore a cleft in the hills, quite a mile away, where he had reason to think a grouse had dropped earlier in the day. By the time tea was over, he was back again with the bird.

B.

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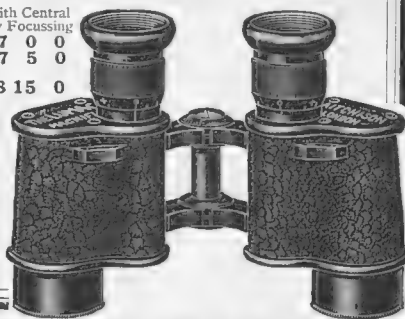
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Sold ordinarily in large Tubes, 1/-  
Of all Chemists and Stores.

P. BEIERSDORF & CO.  
7 & 8, Idol Lane, London, E.C.

£1000 INSURANCE. See page d.

## CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with A Coroneted Filmer; Viscountess Duncannon with Her Baby Son; Advertisements in Modern Pictorial Form; Left! at the End of the Holiday; Miss Phyllis Bedells; "The Real Thing," at the Garrick; "Joseph and His Brethren," at His Majesty's; "The Picture of Dorian Gray," at the Vaudeville; "Androcles and the Lion," at the St. James's.



Note the curve of the razor which gives the automatic adjustment.

## Do YOU enjoy the enormous advantages offered by the Gillette?

If you are not one of the six million men who find the **Gillette** Safety Razor an every day necessity, you have not yet enjoyed the perfect shave.

However widely different the particular needs of various individuals, the **Gillette** suits all. Its *curving* blade can be adjusted to a hair's breadth. It will give a light or a close shave as required, and shaves, equally well, the finest or the coarsest beard. The *curve* of the blade to the cheek ensures close, even cutting, and you receive a smoother, quicker, more efficient and more comfortable shave than is possible with any other shaving implement. The tiresome operations of stropping and honing are completely abolished.



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The most popular razor outfit in the world. Contains Standard Gillette Safety Razor, silver-plated blade boxes containing 12 blades (24 shaving edges) in velvet-lined morocco case. **21/-**

Also in seal and pigskin and silver and gold-plated cases.

**British Made.**

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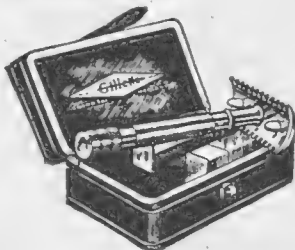
For sale everywhere. Prices from one guinea upward. Illustrated and descriptive Catalogue post free on request. Please mention this paper.

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General Offices and Works: Leicester.

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**SCRUBB'S IS MADE WITH SCIENTIFIC CARE!**

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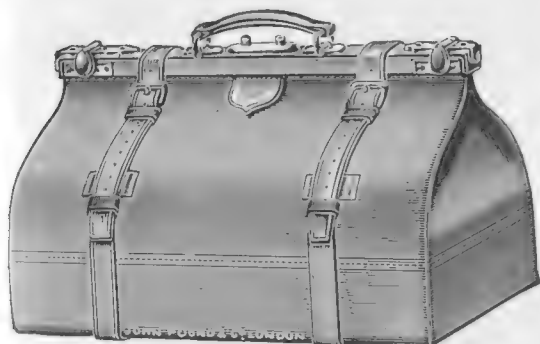
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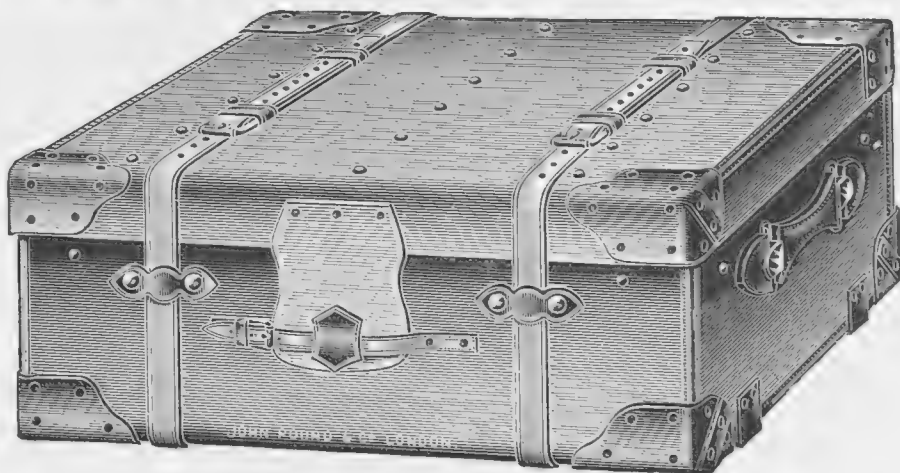
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for long distance driving —

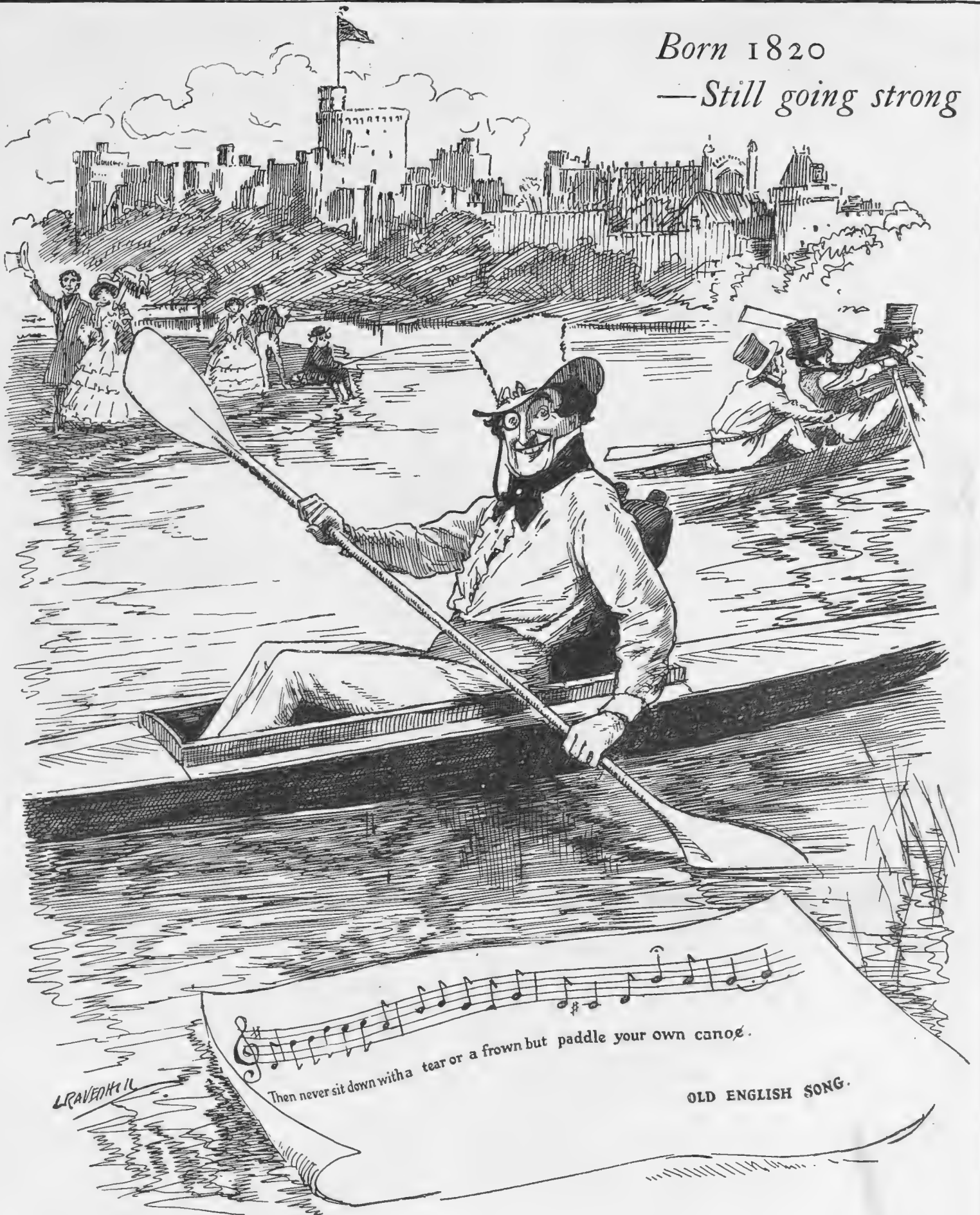
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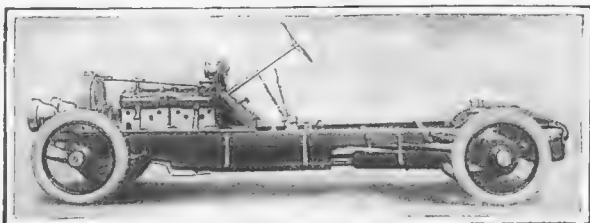
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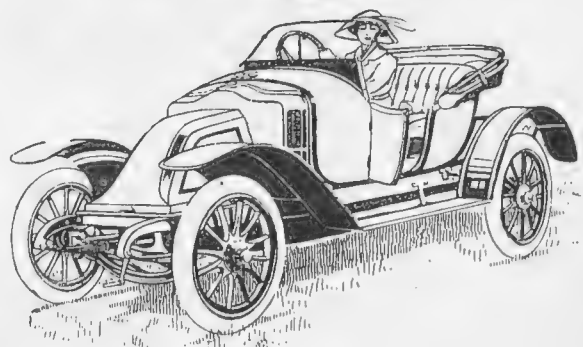
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13/18

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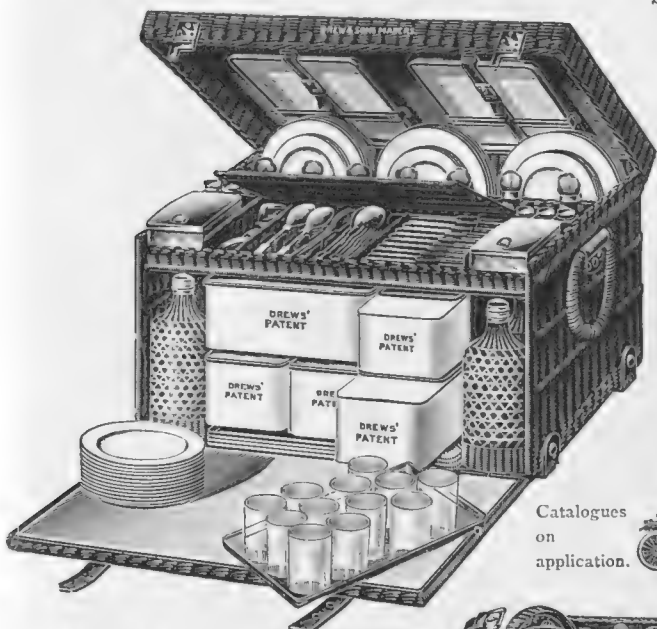
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Invaluable to all Travelling.

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A Cup of Tea in a Few Minutes.

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Size 12 in. long, 7 in. wide, and 8½ in. deep, very light, and easily carried in the hand.

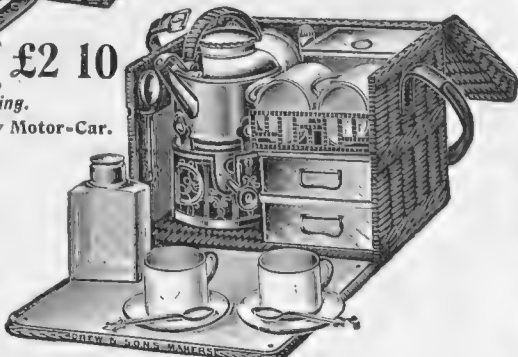
With Silver-plated Kettle £2 10 0  
With all fittings Silver-plated 3 3 6

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Size 15 in. long, 9 in. wide, and 10 in. deep.

With Silver-plated Kettle £3 15 6

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Sent carefully packed to all parts.



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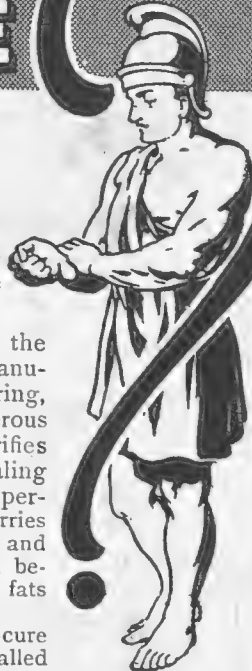
## Have You any SKIN TROUBLE

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## NEVER PULL OUT SUPERFLUOUS HAIR. KILL AND DISSOLVE OUT THE ROOTS.

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I WAS deeply humiliated by a growth of superfluous hair on my face, neck, and arms, which seemed to steadily increase, and become more hideous as I grew older. I tried many advertised remedies, but found to my sorrow that if they removed the hair at all it was for a short time only, and the hairs soon reappeared—stronger and thicker than ever. Even the electric needle was tried upon my skin, and I endured a great deal of pain from its use, but simply met with disappointment. I then tried to pull the hairs out by the roots, only to find that several new hairs appeared for every one I pulled. I had spent so much time and money on these various methods that I was in despair, and almost ready to give up, thinking that I must suffer for ever from this terrible affliction. It was then that I learned by chance of a plan by which the ladies of Ancient Rome had rid themselves for ever of superfluous hair. With this idea in mind I began a series of careful experiments in an effort to wring this hidden secret from the past. At last my efforts were crowned with success, for I discovered a means entirely different from anything I had ever before seen. I used it on my own skin, and it quickly removed all of my superfluous hair without the slightest vestige of pain or discomfort. I was delighted, but feared that some sign of the hair might return. After a few weeks had passed I noticed that my skin still remained clear, soft, and white, and, as the months slipped by and not the slightest trace of

the hated superfluous hair returned, I realised that I had truly made a most marvellous discovery. The wonderful transformation in my appearance caused comment among my friends, and they thought that a veritable miracle had been wrought. When I divulged to them the secret I had discovered they tried the same method on their own skins, with equally effective and permanent results. They told me that in guarding

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Stop pulling out hair. It hurts terribly, and two new hairs will grow for every one you pull.



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ONCE TRIED ALWAYS USED

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**GLYCERINE  
TOOTH PASTE**  
**GELLÉ FRÈRES**  
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Letter orders receive the most prompt and careful attention of a specially trained staff. We pay Carriage in the British Isles and are pleased to send Shoes on approbation.

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You can become an Expert Manicurist, Hairdresser, Masseuse, etc., in a few evenings at home, during spare time.

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It is surprising how many women and girls who formerly occupied poorly paid positions have lately entered the profession of beauty culture, a calling in which they are happily and profitably occupied. The ever-increasing demand for beauty culturists is a striking illustration of the trend toward improvement in appearance on

the part of wealthy and fashionable women everywhere. There is nothing under the sun so much coveted by women as beauty of face and figure, hence the fabulous fees so frequently spent with the beauty culturist is the natural incentive for women to desert the less-lucrative callings and join the ranks of the prosperous beauty specialists. Another interesting feature of the latter-day parlours for improving the appearance is the extensive patronage from a source formerly of little importance to the beauty culturist; for to-day the men of fashion are regularly enlisting the services of the manicurist and masseuse.

Here, then, seems to be the solution to the problem of the woman or girl who is dissatisfied with her present income or surroundings. Become a beauty culturist. An exceptional opportunity is afforded by an International Institute founded by a prominent woman who has been instrumental in establishing scores of women and girls in this most fascinating and dignified profession. A substantial sum has been expended in printing a treatise entitled "Lessons by Mail in Beauty Culture," which, under a special arrangement, is to be distributed free to all who would become beauty culturists. The treatise is profusely illustrated, containing nearly 100 life-like illustrations and photographic reproductions, showing the wonderful opportunities for the manicurist, the hairdresser, and the masseuse. It describes a remarkably simple and practical way to become an expert in the various branches of beauty culture, and shows how a Beauty Parlour can be started at home at very small expense, or how a visiting practice (calling at the homes of select patrons) can be conducted. A pleasant surprise awaits the first 500 women who write for a copy. All requests should be addressed to Abby Beatrice Knowles, Suite 135C, No. 260, Westminster Bridge Rd., London, S.E.



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Will You Deposit 2/11 With Your Chemist While Trying a Bottle of Lavona Hair Tonic, and Take His Signed Personal Guarantee to Return Your Money if You are Not Satisfied?

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guarantees results by giving you his signed personal agreement to return your money any time within 30 days if after using one complete bottle you are in any way dissatisfied. No letters to write, no bottles to return—you just step round to your chemist and get your money back. Simple, isn't it? Must be the tonic is pretty good or we could not afford to sell it this way. And that's just it—**it is good**—so good that **satisfaction is guaranteed** no matter what the nature of your hair trouble may be—thin hair, short hair, falling or brittle hair, dandruff, grey hair, or baldness. We do not claim to make hair grow where the roots are dead, but if the roots are dead the trial costs you nothing—your chemist returns your money. In this connection we may say that hair roots rarely die, and in one instance that has just come under



Miss Elise Craven, one of the most beautiful dancers in the world, keeps her hair soft, bright and glossy and free from dandruff by the regular use of Lavona Hair Tonic.

our observation, Lavona Hair Tonic began to grow new hair in one week after twenty-five years of baldness. So don't hesitate, thinking your case too difficult. The test will tell. If it succeeds you have many times your money's worth—if it fails you get your money back. **LAVONA HAIR TONIC**, formerly known as Harriett Meta's Gold Medal

Hair Tonic, can be obtained with a signed guarantee of satisfaction or money back from all branches of Boots Cash Chemists, Timothy White, Limited, Henry Hodder, Limited, Taylor's Drug Company, Limited, Lewis and Burrows, Parke's Drug Stores, Army and Navy Stores, Junior Army and Navy Stores, Harrod's, Selfridge's, and from over 2000 other leading chemists throughout the United Kingdom. If you desire, we will gladly give you the name of a chemist in your town who sells under this guarantee, or, if your chemist cannot supply you, send us 2/11 and we will send you a bottle post free, and if you will give the name and address of the chemist who could not supply on these terms, we will include, as a gift, a full size 2/3 pot of our famous Tokalon Massage Cream.

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The latest scientific method of improving the complexion is to "take from it instead of adding to it." The idea is to remove, by a gentle process of oxidization, all the stinging and half-dead accumulations which adhere to the skin in the form of sallowness, moth patches, liver spots, etc. The application of mercolized wax for a few nights in the same manner that cold cream is applied, soon produces marked results. In contact with the skin this wax releases free oxygen which destroys the waste matter but does not affect the healthy tissue in the least. The removal of the deadened and disfiguring waste matter reveals the beautiful young complexion which every woman has just underneath the stained outer one. The mercolized wax, as supplied by chemist shops, is perfectly harmless and very beneficial to the skin.

### To Kill Roots of Superfluous Hair.

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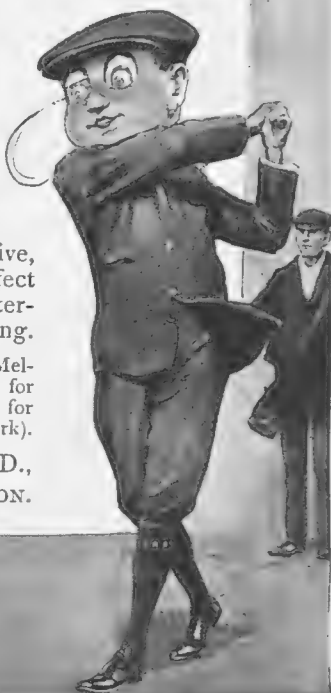
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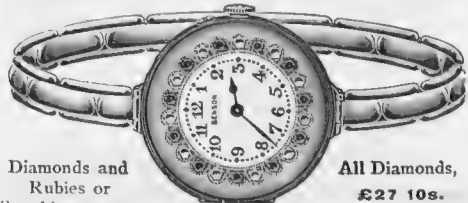
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## CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

### "Perris of the Cherry Trees."

By J. S. FLETCHER.  
(Eveleigh Nash.)

It will be an exceedingly *blasé* reader who does not take "Perris of the Cherry Trees" at one sitting. From the moment that Rhoda, wife of Perris, borrows the rent and something over from young Mr. Taffendale, of the big farm and the lime-kilns, the action runs with ever-gathering momentum to its supreme crisis. Very rarely does the reviewer get so finely balanced a drama, where little or nothing is forced, but springs inevitably, as the greater events of life are apt to do, from a small and very natural beginning. The thread is too dexterously woven to break in scraps for a short review, but love and terror are strung across it, and remorse and punishment attend upon innocence, and even upon affection, as is also an apt occurrence of experience. In spite of all the lightnings which play round Rhoda and Mark Taffendale, her lover, it is Perris, the slack and debauched, but still the kind and the honest, who remains the grand figure of the story. Nothing could be better than Mr. Fletcher's presentment of the yokel in his person, and nothing more ingenious than the touch by which, without a moment of sentimentality or false pathos, he contrives that Perris shall touch a rare height even for the noblest. The style is as clean and as shorn of the ineffectual as is the plot itself.

### "The Harrovians."

By ARNOLD LUNN.  
(Methuen.)

Since Kenneth Grahame wrote "The Golden Age," it would be hard to find a wiser or wittier book concerning boys than "The Harrovians" of Mr. Arnold Lunn. When Mr. Lunn was at Harrow he kept a faithful diary; and now that time has given him just the spot from which to see things in focus, before they begin to get one clear edge blurred, he has printed a copy which is full of boyhood's most convincing and elusive charm. Grown-ups will revel in its indiscretions; even boys, smirking in the mirror of many a page, will admit that Mr. Lunn is quite a decent blighter of an old chum. Around Peter O'Neill, the hero of the study—the term "hero" to be read technically rather than theatrically, for there are no melodramatics in "The Harrovians"—there is a delightfully drawn boyish crowd. There is Parry, lanky and Conservative, by birth

heir to a cotton-mill, by temperament one of Nature's county gentlemen. In his sterner moments he would consign the mob to the devil, and plead for an England peopled solely by the county families, their faithful retainers, and Parry. "Just at present he felt that he had a tough term before him if he wished to maintain his proper position. His mother had discovered that his Eton suit had a good term's wearing power; Parry was tall enough for Charity Tails; he knew precisely what his friends would remark as he towered past in Eton collars. Mrs. Parry, like many other mothers, could not rightly distinguish between essentials and luxuries." And there is Cadby, the "blood" and a "fez," staying on to get his flannels. He would go round on Sunday night with a bag. O'Neill, Parry, and others would draw from it slips of paper headed "Greek Prose," "Mathematics," "English Essay." If you were lucky you drew a bye in this educational raffle. Cadby explained the essential justice of the system. "You don't do a thing for the House, and, by the way you show up at footer, don't look as if you ever would. Now I've played for the House for years, and not only at footer, but at cricket and racquets. See? That's what I do. And you? Not a dam' thing. The one thing you've got is a head for this tosh"—alluding to the headings of the papers. "Well, then, make yourself some bally use. If you can't play for the House, at least you can help me to keep fresh." Thus was Cadby's work distributed among the Fifth Form. On the whole, one feels that, thanks to Harrow moving with the times in certain reforms concerning this and other subjects, the next generation will have a tough job to make so good a story of it; but boys will still be boys, and every word with regard to the attitude of grown-ups towards them will also hold good. There are a great many words to that effect, and several illustrations of the wrong attitude. If boys must give reverence and obedience, they demand a certain reverence in return. Grown-ups must never pretend to a spurious youth; must never, either, descend from one imaginary plane to another; they should rather ask for quite as much understanding as they give, and, above all, never pretend anything. This is a hard saying for many, and calculated to make intercourse with boys something of a discipline. But Mr. Lunn's didactics are coated with a right pleasant flavour. Genuine fun bubbles continually, and how thankful we should be for that Apocryphal proverb which runs: "A lie is an abomination unto the Lord, but a very present help in time of trouble."

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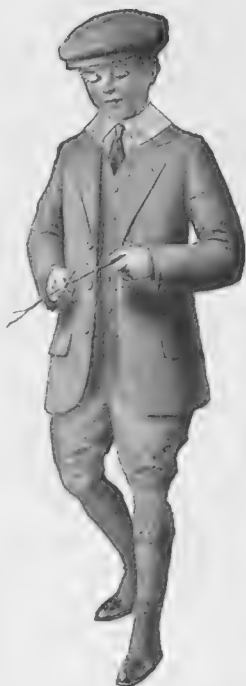
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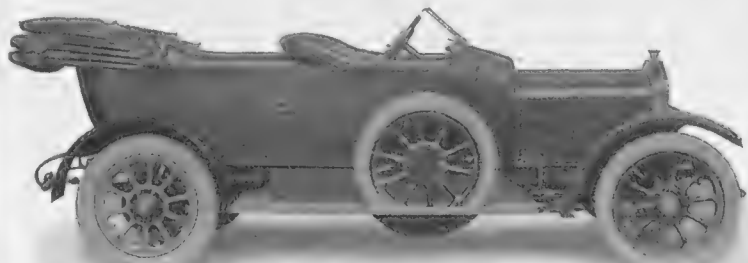
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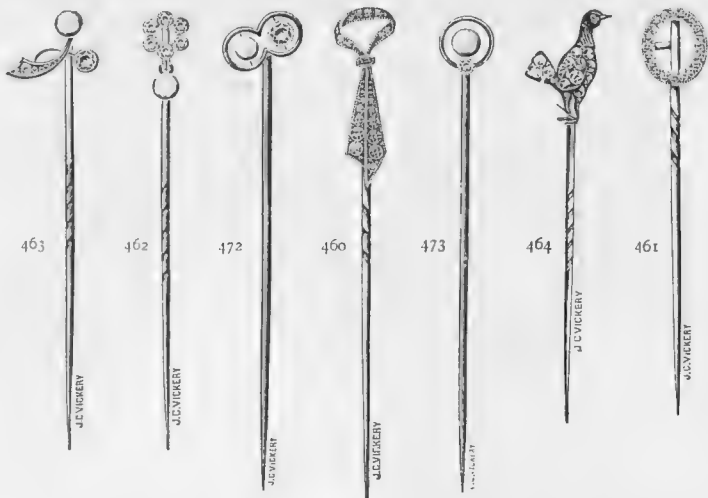
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Sold at Selfridges, Harrods, Whiteleys, &c., and at all Boots Branches. Price 2/6. Free sample from any of the above, or posted free upon receipt of 1d. stamp from Phospho-Cacao Co., 59-61, New Oxford St., London, W.C.

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Best Springs.  
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## THE "NEW DOUGLAS."

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Supplied through your own Builder or Decorator.

SIZE: 42 in. Ovens: 12 by 12 in. Price: £18 : 7 : 0 FIRE: 10 in.

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## BE FAIR TO YOUR FEET

and to your nerves. Give  
them all the help you can.

Don't ask them to bear the whole brunt  
of the contact between the boot and the  
road. Cushion them with the purest  
and finest rubber scientifically made and  
shaped to give the greatest possible  
comfort in walking; in a word, wear

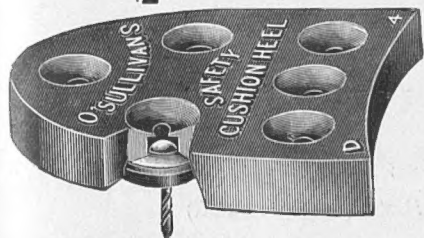
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and realise how enjoyable walking can  
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O'Sullivan's Heels will not improve in  
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*Supplied in Black or Tan Rubber for all  
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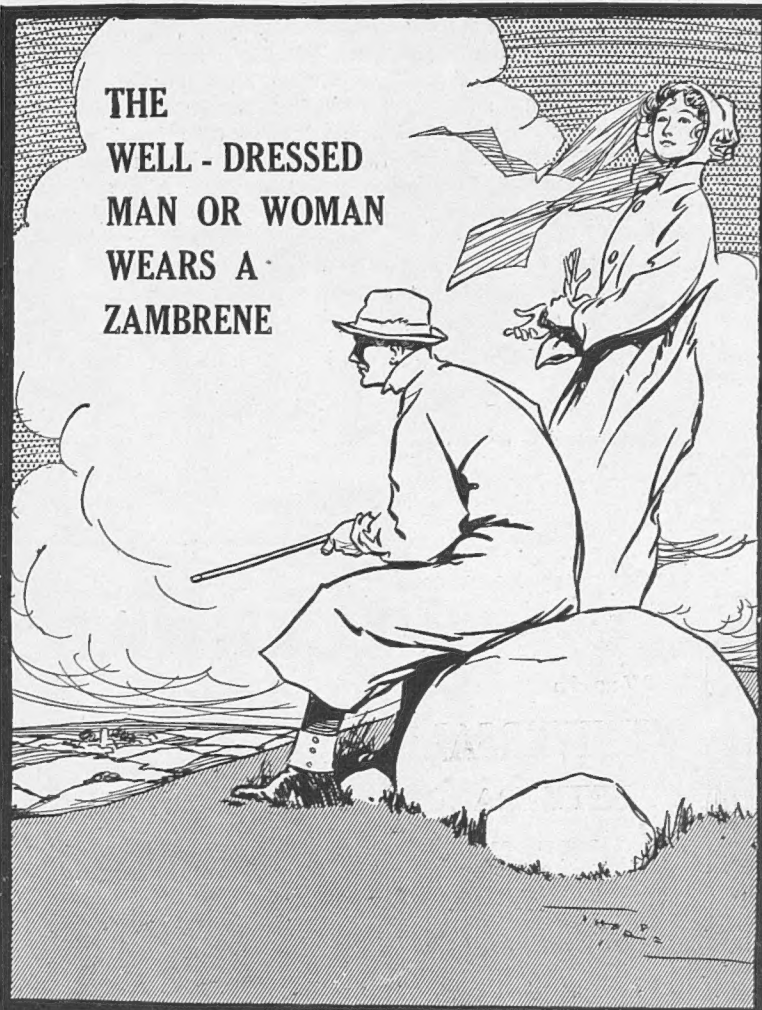
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They fit the boot. They cushion  
the foot. They outlast all others.

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WELL-DRESSED  
MAN OR WOMAN  
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coats for town or country.

The most stylish in appearance.

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Thoroughly hygienic.

They give a smartness to the  
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See that the "Zambrene" Label is on every garment.

For MOTORING, SHOOTING,  
FISHING and ORDINARY WEAR.

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## GENERAL NOTES.

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Packing is distinctly an art; it is not everyone who can "get everything in," and fewer still, at the journey's end, can make sure of taking everything out intact. Liquids, especially, we all know; how they seem to struggle for freedom; how perversely they ooze, dribble, or gush on to the very articles that are most easily spoiled. So the proprietors of Odol, aware of the fact that bottles will break, and that their famous dentifrice cannot fulfil its

purpose when it is steadily percolating through half-a-dozen shirts, have contrived a very effective metal travelling-case for the Odol flask. It can be obtained in nickel-silver, solid silver, or silver-plate, at different prices. Many chemists and stores will supply these flasks, but where any difficulty exists, full particulars will be sent by the Manager of the Odol Chemical Works, 59-63, Park Street, London, S.E.

Many people regard disinfectants as necessary only when sickness is already in the house. They do not realise that the regular use of an efficient disinfectant in kitchens, nurseries, and bedrooms will not only keep off disease germs, but generally strengthen the physique and increase the power of resisting illness. Preventive measures of disinfection in the home do not call for elaborate or cumbrous machinery. Jeyes' Fluid is prompt and certain in its destructive action on disease germs, and is powerful in preventing such germs from coming into existence. The many ways in which it can be used with advantage in every household are explained in the booklet, "Jeyes' Guide to Practical Disinfection," issued by Jeyes' Sanitary Compounds Company, Ltd., 64, Cannon Street, London, E.C. The company will send a copy of the booklet to anyone free on application.

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Does it smart and burn?

YOU need a

**"UNIVERSAL"  
SAFETY RAZOR**

which severs each hair cleanly, without scraping or irritating the face.

PRICE 10/6

Including Extra Blade.

Your barber uses this type of razor. Ask him why.

Write for  
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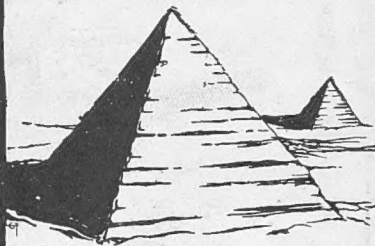
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Safest

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for the  
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No water required.

Each light is  
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fireproof  
Plaster base.

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**Elvery's**  
**Weatherproof  
Wraps for Holidays  
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Silk  
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**2 Gns.**

In Rich Shot  
Silk, trimmed  
Black Satin,

**3 Gns.**

Tailor-Made  
Rainproofs,  
from

**25/6**

Silk Oils  
for  
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all colours,  
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Guaranteed.

Coats sent on Approval.  
New Descriptive Booklet and Patterns on request.

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COMPLEXION**



If your complexion has become spoiled by sunburn, windburn, sea-spray or dust, just rub into the skin the smallest possible quantity of Icilma Cream. You will find this wonderfully cooling and soothing and be surprised how quickly the skin will become soft, clear and transparent. Every pot of Icilma Cream is charged with a large percentage of the famous Icilma Natural Water which has a remarkable tonic effect upon the skin, stimulating it back to natural beauty. No other toilet cream in the world contains this natural water—no other cream can have the same effect. *Test it free.*

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Icilma is pronounced Eye-Silm.

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Sept. 10, 1913.

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are as necessary a part of your household equipment as broom, brush, pail or soap.

Used daily when cleaning your house Jeyes' Fluids will completely destroy all disease germs, ensuring more thorough disinfection than is possible in any other way. They ward off sickness and disease and keep your home healthy at a trifling expense.

Jeyes' Fluids, Powder, and Soap are by far the most efficient and economical disinfectants. They are harmless to the higher forms of life, and may therefore be used freely in the household.

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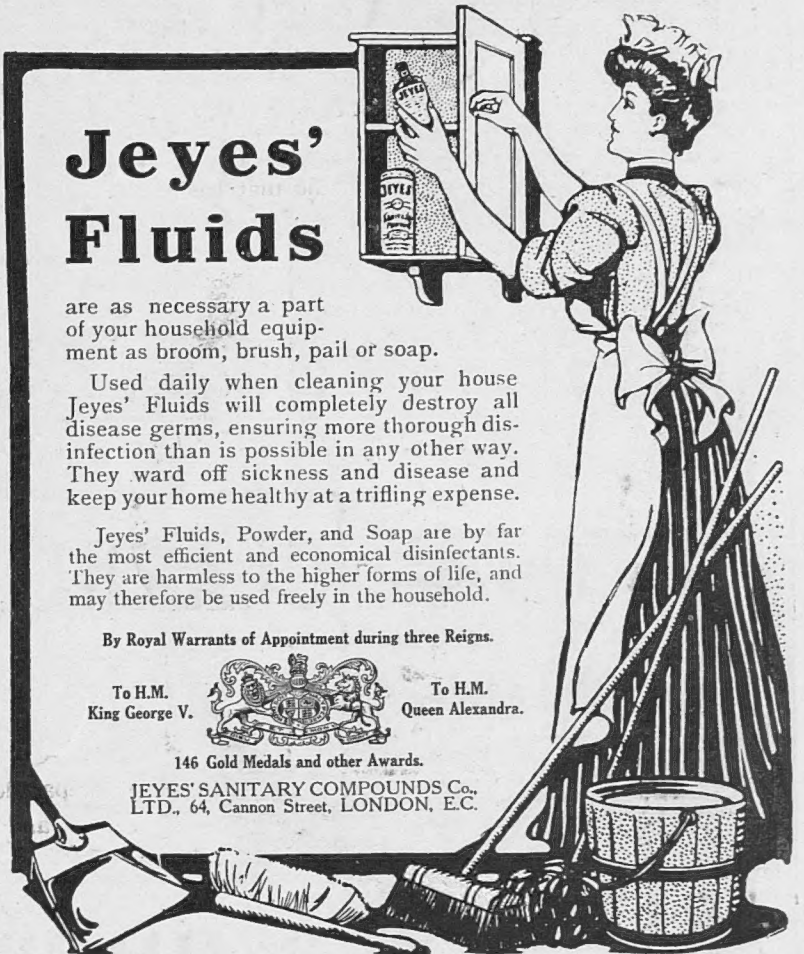
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is bottled at the spring in the Vosges. Its use means freedom from rheumatism, gout, kidney and liver troubles. Over 11,000,000 bottles sold yearly. Of all hotels, chemists and stores.

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